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Farewell to Alfred Kohlberg

AN EDITORIAL

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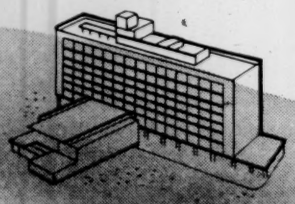

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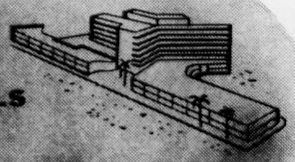

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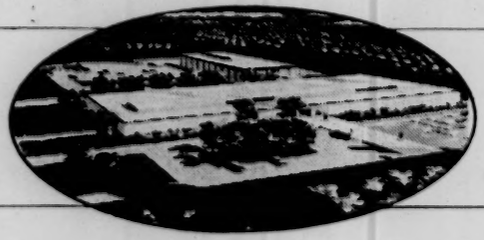

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CONTENTS APRIL 23, 1960 VOL. VIII, NO. 17

THE WEEK 252
An Affectionate Farewell to Alfred Kohlberg 258

ARTICLES
The Chameleon Image of John F. Kennedy — John Chamberlain 261
Professor Galbraith's Little Plan ....Philip Burnham 264
Jordan-Israel: A Study in Apartness — Priscilla L. Buckley and Aloise B. Heath 265

DEPARTMENTS
For the Record 251
The Third World War .....James Burnham 260
Principles and Heresies .....Frank S. Meyer 267
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 268
To the Editor 276

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS
A Man of Principle .....Frank S. Meyer 269
The Web of Nature .....George H. Carter 270
A Straggler on the Left .....M. Stanton Evans 271
Time Editor ... Political Innocent — John Chamberlain 272
Pasteurized Can-Can .....Francis Russell 274
Books in Brief 275

VERSE
A Spade Is a Spade Is a Spade — Eleanor Mellichamp Smith 263

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For the Record

Most fascinating political tidbit of the hour: Harry S. Truman is quietly exploring possibility of draft to head Truman-Kennedy ticket. He reportedly has drummed up some opinion surveys to support contention that such a ticket would beat Nixon decisively. (Truman dislikes Nixon slightly more than he dislikes Stevenson) . . . Barry Goldwater last week won support for Vice President in poll of Republican County Chairmen taken by Human Events; and also won V-P endorsement of all 450 college delegates to a Midwestern Young Republican meeting held in Des Moines April 9.

Flow of dope from Red China to Cuba to the United States seriously alarming narcotics officers here. . . . Red China, incidentally, has extorted huge sums from the many Chinese in Cuba with families still on the mainland. . . . Puerto Rican Communists getting Castro support in their independence agitation, much of which now centers in Puerto Rican colony in Harlem.

Worker up in arms over "cold war" speakers George Meany has invited to address two-day AFL-CIO Conference on Foreign Affairs, April 19-20. Among them: General Medaris, former head of Army Ordnance Missile Command, Henry A. Kissinger of Harvard, Professor David Rowe of Yale, Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon. . . . On recent Texas radio program, Jerry Holleman, President of Texas AFL-CIO, called for passage of a "little Taft-Hartley" act to give Texas intrastate employees the same protection others get under federal law. . . . The proposed merger of several railroads, to reduce operating costs, is expected to be followed by merger of several ailing airlines. . . . Southern newspaper publishers uneasy at reports the Negro boycott may be extended to certain "unfriendly" newspapers.

Eleanor Roosevelt went out of her way to commend Lyndon Johnson for his part in Senate passage of Civil Rights Bill, thus scotching rumors that family pressure is successfully being applied to swing her at least into neutral position re Kennedy. . . . Estes Kefauver reportedly "running scared" against more conservative opponent, Judge Andrew Taylor, in Tennessee Democratic senatorial primary. . . . Counterattack (42 Broadway, N.Y. 4) doing its usually thorough job in analyzing the background of rational board members of Sane Nuclear Policy Committee.

The WEEK

● Adlai Stevenson crept back into town last week on little cat feet, and coyly called a news conference to discuss his non-candidacy for next tenant of the White House. The customary battalion of sympathy-salivating newspapermen bounded up to laugh at his jokes and pry a stray intention out of him. The big game of the afternoon concerned The Door. Asked whether he aspired to the Presidency, twice-beaten Stevenson allowed as how he would never be a draft-dodger. Asked whether this meant that "the door was open," Adlai jovially purred: "Next you'll be asking *how far* the door is open." From there the game was on. By evening news telecast time, commentators were guessing what kind of door Adlai Stevenson contemplated going through: a swinging door? a revolving door? the back door? It seemed like such great fun that we'll make our own suggestion: trap door. And with him he might take a few of those sad souls who spend their days trying to relive the throbbing, wide-eyed emotions of young Adlai-Lochinvar's 1952 Crusade. It's been a downhill slide for them since then, anyway.

● That John Kennedy's Presidential possibilities should face their ultimate test on May 10 in West Virginia's Democratic primary is one of those messy mistakes in the American political system that keep Liberals awake at night. The primary system itself, once Bob La Follette's great hope to wrest political control from the bosses and give it to The People, has become a device for cutting down the front-runner (usually the *popular* candidate) before the party convention. An analysis of Senator Kennedy's Wisconsin triumph demonstrates that he drew his strength from two sources, often overlapping: 1) Catholic sympathy toward his candidacy; and 2) a heavy rank-and-file union and industrial worker turn-out. Kennedy took the big population-complexes; Humphrey pulled in the rural areas. The politicians are unable, on the basis of Wisconsin, to decide whether Kennedy's Catholicism will be an asset or a liability in a national election. West Virginia will provide the acid test: 1) it is 95 per cent Protestant; 2) it has a reputation for bigotry, and a penchant for orneriness; 3) it is a chronically "depressed area"—suited to the Humphrey campaign of "promise them everything, and keep your fingers crossed"; 4) half of West Virginia is sympathetically Southern (it took advantage of the Civil War to split off from Virginia), and hence a power base for Senator Lyndon Johnson; 5) its labor situation is dominated by John L. Lewis' Mineworkers—notoriously sympathetic to Jimmy Hoffa and Q.E.D. unsympathetic to Kennedy.

● It is ironic that so few weeks after the Administration urged a Senate committee to recommend the repeal of the Connally Amendment (which reserves to the United States the right to specify what are matters that fall under the jurisdiction of the International Court) the Administration, through its representative in the United Nations, called for action against the South African Government's handling of its Negro population: and so established a precedent by which a hostile United Nations could, should the Connally Amendment be repealed, justify intrusion into the internal affairs of this country.

● We are besieged with requests to know where Senator Barry Goldwater's new book *The Conscience of a Conservative* (see p. 269) can be secured. The book is privately printed, but the Senator intends to give it national distribution. Meanwhile, those who want a copy can have it by ordering it from The Bookmailer, Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York 16 ($3.00).

● Our foreign aid program becomes curiouser and curiouser. A case in point is our aid to Poland. The Poles have been trying to get U.S. credits to purchase textile machinery and food processing machinery, which they need very badly. Now comes a report of the Poles closing an agreement with Cuba by which they will supply the Cubans with exactly the kind of machinery they want from us. Furthermore, according to the report, Castro will receive under this Polish-Cuban barter agreement, machine shops, chemical and power plants, diesel and electric motors —all of which, by her own admission, Poland has in short supply. Can it be that in carrying out this agreement with the Cubans Poland is acting as honest broker for the Russians? In that case, is not the United States aid to Poland really aid to the Kremlin? Or aid to Cuba? It is all *so* mixed up.

● The withdrawal by the government of Morocco of Tangier's charter as a free port will have been accomplished by the time these words appear in print, and we hope all believers in the sacred right of nations to scotch every manifestation of nineteenth-century *laissez faire* will be happy in what has been done. Just think, merely as preface to the charter revocation, the Moroccan government has succeeded in liquidating 600 Tangier corporations, in exiling 50 others, in raising rates to importers, in inflicting a license system on all local importing businesses, in preventing the free exchange of currencies, and in increasing local unemployment by 3,000 (with more to come). When the whole job of killing the old

Tangier is completed, 40 per cent of the city's commercial activity will have ceased. And tourists, flocking to contemplate the carnage, will have the privilege of paying 40 per cent more for gasoline as they drive about the city. A great triumph for the principle of nationalist economy. And a dramatic salute to the new day of Africa for the Africans.

● The Canadian National Energy Board has cleared the way for the export of some trillions of cubic feet of Canadian natural gas to the United States, an act which should bring hundreds of millions of American dollars to Canada, not to mention the economic good that will accrue to housewives and gas-burning businesses on the U.S. side of the border. Meanwhile, a major job in building new pipelines looms. . . . Without formalizing it as such, the decision of the Canadian National Energy Board is another step in the direction of making North America a great common market area of its own. In a crazy world, many thanks.

● Pending the benevolence of the inscrutable Federal Communications Commission, pay-TV may get its first meaningful American test in Hartford, Connecticut. Zenith Radio and RKO General have purchased a high-frequency, debt-ridden Hartford TV channel, Station WHCT, and announced a three-year pay-TV test. The operation is simple: WHCT will continue to offer free, commercial TV most of its telecasting day. But there will also be specials—Broadway plays, new movies, select sports events—sent out scrambled without commercials. Pay-TV subscribers will be equipped with decoders which will let the image in. Perhaps pay-TV's spectacular success in Toronto, Ontario, will induce the FCC to smile upon the American experiment.

●Mr. Joseph Alsop, a man of eccentric passions, has delivered a fussy little tirade on those elements in American public life displeasing to him. The list is long and, alas, includes an uncommonly thick concentration of men and organizations beloved of NATIONAL REVIEW—from which we draw the melancholy inference that Mr. Alsop cannot love *us*, positively unnatural though it is to resist us. Mr. Alsop is concerned about the "convulsive effort" of the "Paleolithic right" with all its "rich boobs" and "extremists" who are backing the "unappetizing Robert Morris," former chief counsel of the "unlamented McCarran Investigating Committee" for the Republican nomination for Senate in New Jersey (against "the able and progressive . . . Sen. Clifford Case"). And then Mr. Alsop is just *furious* with Senator Goldwater, "most extreme Rightwinger above the crank class" for winning the South Carolina Republican convention vote. . . . In fact, Mr. Alsop, an extreme moderationist with a deficient understanding of social developments in this country, sometimes gives the impression he would like to drop an intercontinental rocket or two on the heads of us extremists, and possibly would but for the fact that the missiles are so much rarer than the extremists. Ah well, the extremists will just have to take over the country in *spite* of Joe Alsop—an appetizing prospect, what? Give NATIONAL REVIEW a couple of those rich boobs and by God we'll do it ourselves!

Intervention: Eventually—Why Not Now?

The President, who is the last man in the world to remark the mote in his neighbor's eye, permitted himself to declare last week, in an answer to questions raised by a student group in Chile: "In all candor I must state that many long-time friends of Cuba in the United States . . . who were heartened by the ideals expressed by the present leaders of Cuba when they assumed control of the government have been gravely disillusioned by what is coming to be considered a betrayal of these ideals." Mr. Eisenhower forebore, as is his wont, to draw specific conclusions. Still we may carry his implicit logic a step or two further.

Let us suppose, initially, that Communism as a world revolutionary movement did not exist. Solely on the direct evidence of what has happened during the year and a quarter since Castro seized power, how ought we to view the Cuban situation?

Communism or no Communism, Cuba still occupies a spot of prime strategic importance for the defense of the Americas. If in the age of long-range aircraft and missiles a base of our own in Cuba is no longer quite so crucially important as it once was, it remains essential that no hostile power should possess a Cuban base.

Communism or no Communism, the Castro government has persistently conducted, on a continental and world-wide as well as local front, a ferocious campaign against our Government and its citizens. In its comments on our highest magistrates ("Death to Eisenhower!") and its conduct toward our official representatives, the Castro government has breached all diplomatic proprieties. It has violated the rights and liberties of U.S. citizens. Refusing to honor its normal obligations, it does business like a gangster syndicate. It is arming itself "far in excess of any conceivable needs for self-defense" (in the words of last week's State Department note).

Where, one begins to wonder, is the line to be drawn? In acts against the U.S., is *anything*, anything at all, permitted without retaliation? We do not recall an occasion under any President of our

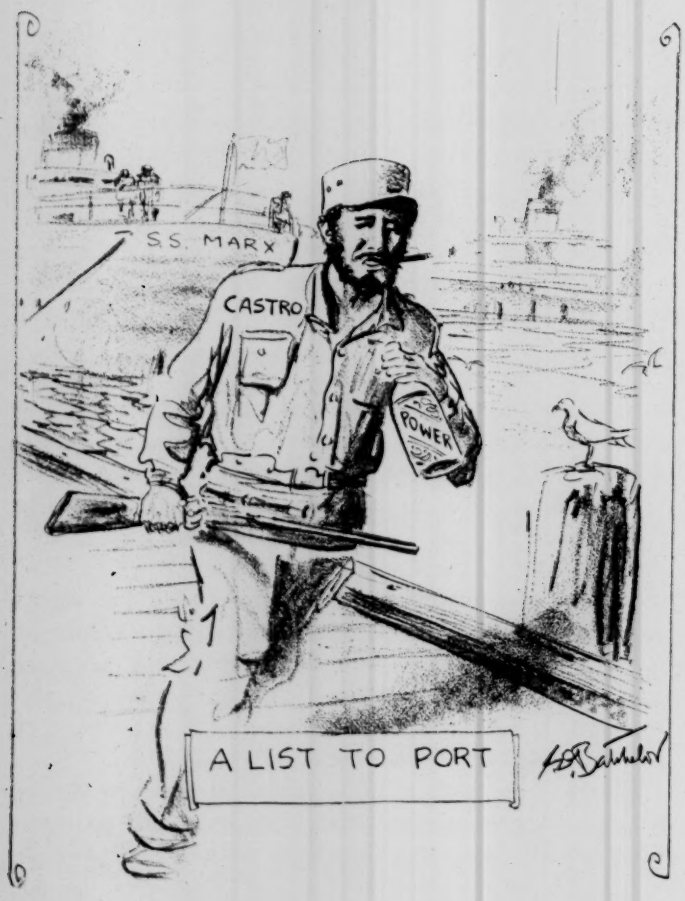
country prior to Dwight Eisenhower when abuses of such moment, so long continued, have been suffered without counter-action.

But when we add to this account the fact that Communism does indeed exist as a world revolutionary enterprise dedicated to our destruction, and the further fact that the Castro government gives aid, comfort and an ever-expanding lodging to Communism, the cup runs over.

Confronting the Cuban realities, and judging in terms of the security and interests of the United States, the present Cuban regime is intolerable. Because it is intolerable, the aim of the U.S. Government should properly be to compel it to a drastic change of course, or to get rid of it altogether.

Intervention? Indeed. Our policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other nations presupposes that those nations do not jeopardize our own national security and basic interests, do not destroy the lives and rights of our citizens. Otherwise intervention becomes a government's duty, granted the power to intervene—and we have the power.

Does this mean, with respect to Cuba, sending in the Marines? It could mean that. At the least it means a *willingness* to send in the Marines if in the end it becomes necessary to do so to achieve the objective. The Cuban situation must be rendered *tolerable*. If only the Marines can effect the national objective, then the Marines will have to do the job.



But we are still a long way from having to use the Marines. There are available to us a score of political and economic measures short of direct force that would very probably be sufficient to our purpose.

We have at our disposal, for example, economic and fiscal sanctions by which we can do more or less what we wish with the Cuban economy and banking system. We can mount a propaganda and psychological campaign. We can support such opposition elements as the Movement of Revolutionary Recovery that has recently begun underground operations in Cuba against the Communist trend of the Castro regime. We are justified in imposing a blockade against the future importation of arms into Cuba.

The prophets of appeasement opine that firm action against the Castro regime will expose us to charges of imperialism and will antagonize small nations. The reality is that by our *failure* to act firmly in relation to Castro, our failure to protect our threatened interests and avenge our injured citizens, our dumb silence in response to insults and provocations, we are losing the respect and confidence of small nations everywhere. It was right to be patient, to hold back while there was still a chance that the anti-American acts of the Castro regime were only passing and secondary excesses. But patience has now become, in the eyes of the world as in reality, an excuse for irresponsibility. Not only in Panama City and Rio, but in Jakarta, Cairo, New Delhi and Conakry, there are observers who reflect: If Castro can snap contemptuous fingers at Washington, then why can't we? If the United States cannot handle Cuba, how can she be expected to handle Russia and China?

In political life patience is a negative virtue, restraining premature action. When the time comes to act, a patience that serves only to paralyze decision is transformed into a sometimes mortal vice.

Deadend in South Africa?

To some problems, a true conservative must always stipulate, there are no solutions. There is no solution to the problem of South Africa, that is to say no solution which simultaneously accommodates all the legitimate interests congested in the southern tip of Africa. It is not a "solution" to suggest that the Afrikaners and the Bantus integrate (in race relations Johannesburg is generations behind Biloxi, which is a generation behind Notting Hill, where integration has by no means proved feasible). It is not a solution to suggest to the Boers that they do to the southern tip of Africa what the Israelis did to a hunk of the Near East: march everyone out, and do their own labor (surely we do not want nine million Negro refugees driven north?). It is not a

solution to assert that South Africa belongs to the blacks (who, as it happens, moved into the region *after* the whites), any more than it is proper to say that the American South "belongs" to the white man.

Locked into the South African problem are dilemmas which are not easily disposed of. The Afrikaners are surely wrong in what they are doing: but what they are doing is understandable just as, in context, it is "understandable" that Thomas Jefferson owned slaves; and it is crucially important to note that the overwhelming majority of South African whites—including at this point the political Opposition—are behind *apartheid*. The whites are determined to stay in Africa—and to stay on their own terms: and these terms call for the ghettoization of the blacks. The whites are on the one hand resolved never to leave South Africa, which has been theirs for generations; and on the other hand, they believe that South Africa will become uninhabitable for white men the moment there is the least relinquishment of the color bar. These are the premises of their conduct. If only that much is understood, it will be understood why the whites are prepared to use machine guns against a mob organized to resist *apartheid*. They understood those machine guns to be firing in the defense of the homeland.

The moral problem is not disposed of, however, merely by understanding that if an end is fixed upon, the means appropriate to its realization are to be expected. It is not merely an act of sentimentality to pronounce that the use of machine guns to enforce the passbook regulations is a barbaric recourse. The whites are entitled, we believe, to pre-eminence in South Africa. But the present arrangement is increasingly proved to be unworkable. If they want to maintain a wholly white community, as the Israelis determined to maintain a wholly Jewish community, they would be entitled to more sympathy than they now are, attempting to maintain an all-white ruling class with a perpetual menial class which is all-black.

What Matters Is . . .

It increasingly appears from the trial of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. that the Government did not bother to prepare its case properly. As to this we shall have more to say after the trial is over. But it needs to be said again and again that what is important here is not so much a) whether Adam Powell falsified his tax returns, or b) whether the law has yet to be devised which cannot be circumvented with the aid of Edward Bennett Williams. What matters is c) that an attempt to obstruct justice was made by the Government of the United States two years ago, when the grand jury investigating the Stygian affairs of the Reverend Powell was paralyzed on orders from Washington. It matters, too, that there is a relationship between the sloppy indictment finally drawn up against Adam Powell when, under pressure, the grand jury was finally mobilized, and the handicaps faced by the prosecution during the trial.

What matters, in a word, is that even though there is no denying the objective evidence that a fix was attempted, and no denying that the presumptive *quid pro quo* was Powell's unnatural support of Eisenhower in 1956, there has been no investigation of the situation. It matters, finally, that there is evidently not in either house of Congress the accumulated honor or courage to go behind the scenes and take a look. Too many important people are implicated. Probably the only way to get to the bottom of the story would be for Powell to sue Drew Pearson. Why doesn't he? Pearson has flatly stated, according to the *Congressional Record* into which the articles were inserted, that Powell unlawfully exchanged political favors for a payment of fifty thousand dollars, *inter alia*. Or has Edward Bennett Williams been telling his client about the cases of Oscar Wilde and Harold Laski?

Wasting Time at Geneva

Four weeks ago, as the ten-nation Disarmament Conference opened, we wrote in these columns:

"This spring's negotiating schedule shows a flagrant symptom of the disarmament illusion. We have begun our Disarmament Conference two months *before* the start of a political Summit Conference convened precisely because of the existence of grave and intractable conflicts of interest. Granted the utmost optimism, how can the major nations do anything serious about disarmament before they find out whether the Summit meeting will be able to do something serious about the conflicts?"

The self-evident answer to the question has now been given by the procedure of the Disarmament Conference. After a month of inept and boring propaganda exchanges, the conferees, apparently without notifying the flustered Secretary of State, agreed to a six-weeks adjournment, beginning April 29 and thus extending until after the close of the Summit meeting.

However, nothing will be gained thereby, because the Summit meeting, also, will not do anything serious. It will doubtless underwrite a few platitudes, in the manner of the Khrushchev-de Gaulle communiqué, and perhaps formalize the temporary nuclear test ban that already exists in fact. But nothing much else, in all probability.

Critics of these high level East-West meetings have argued that they usually result in losses for the West.

It would perhaps be more accurate to say that they usually result in nothing at all, or nothing of any importance. They are, in other words, a waste of time—a gigantic waste of a great deal of the time of thousands of citizens, including many of those charged with the highest responsibilities in the affairs of our own nation and its allies.

This is not such a trivial matter, this waste of time of such proportions. Because of it, our officials and magistrates—the President himself, the Secretary of State and his aides, the National Security Council, Foreign Service and officers of the Central Intelligence Agency—do not have nearly enough time left over to devote to the very real and novel and critical international problems about which something serious can be, and for our security's sake, must be done: conspicuously among them at the moment, for example, the problems of Africa and of Latin America.

Instead of these futile, sterile East-West charades, why do we not prepare—seriously prepare—a joint meeting with Britain, France, Belgium and Portugal on policy for Africa? or with Canada, Brazil, Argentina and Chile, to lay down a coherent line of our own on the defense and order of this hemisphere?

Or do our diplomats prefer the East-West affairs just *because* they don't mean anything?

A Humble Petition

Mr. J. Howard Pew of Philadelphia is an oil man, a philanthropist, a libertarian and a devoted Presbyterian. A few weeks ago he did a service to his religion by reading a wise lecture at the annual meeting of the National Council of United Presbyterian Men. Most of his speech might just as easily, and just as profitably, have been addressed to the elders of every Christian denomination in America. Mr. Pew was complaining against the highhandedness of an ideologized minority of churchmen who wander about the world delivering U.S. Presbyterianism to any social cause that strikes their fancy.

Mr. Pew recalled the ignoble action of the National Council of Churches a year and one half ago by which the Council's World Order Study Conference voted unanimously in favor of admitting Red China into the United Nations. (A subsequent poll of Presbyterian clergymen revealed that 85 per cent disapproved the action of their representatives in concurring in the resolution.) The Social Action group within the Presbyterian Church is continuously taking a position—the collectivist position mostly—on matters of public policy. "... Our Committee on Social Education and Action," Mr. Pew remarked, "has in effect declared that God wants the 86th Congress to establish a permanent civil rights commission; that the Will of God is expressed against right-to-work laws, and in favor of birth control; that God would have the Federal Government exercise more control over the States; that the Holy Spirit directs the United States to recognize Red China, and has decreed that collective bargaining must be employed to solve labor disputes." Mr. Pew recalled a passage from the Westminster Confession of Faith, written in 1641—in what we now consider a theocratic age! —which remains a part of the Presbyterian Constitution:

"Synods and Councils are to handle or conclude nothing but that which is ecclesiastical; and are not to intermeddle with civil affairs which concern the Commonwealth, unless by way of humble petition in cases extraordinary; or, by way of advice, for satisfaction of conscience, if they be thereunto required by the civil magistrate." It is not demonstrated, Mr. Pew implied, that recognition of Red China by the United States Government is required for the satisfaction of conscience.

Oh, Their Aching Feet!

Footsore, but like the veterans they now were, the residual 144,000 census takers—16,000 fell out in the first engagement—charged back into the fray last week, the older and wiser among them determined to finish up their totin' before income-tax day when—guaranteeably—they would encounter a clientèle too grumpy against the government to be safe for censors. Carrying 14-pound portfolios ("by their portfolios and buttons shall ye know them"), armed with Cyclopean charts on which they transcribe your answers in large, mysterious black dots, they took off in hot pursuit of the 89,960,717 Americans still to be—as they put it—enumerated.

In the cities, the lady enumerators—some women will open the door to a woman they don't know, but not to a man—had taken care of the easy touches and were determined to get in and see the reluctant and suspicious Mrs. Feenys, Perrones and Schultzes if it killed them. (Professional pride, you know—to say nothing of the sarcasm of Group Leader Jones.) Their country cousins reported problems of a different sort. What, among other things, was one to do when offered the 22nd cup of coffee and slice of cake or fresh-baked pie in a single afternoon?

But slowly the figures mounted up. By the end of the month, the giant maws of UNIVAC would gulp huge rations of black-dotted charts. And by autumn, the Census Bureau will be able to tell us how many of us there are—or were the night of March 31—where we live, how much we pay for our housing, how many of us have TV sets, washing machines and radios, what kind of schooling we had for how long and how many of us (don't tell the Anti-Defamation

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League!) are white, Negro, Indian, Aleut, Filipino, Chinese or "part Hawaiian." Ultimately, the figures here assembled will be used for reapportioning seats in the House of Representatives, which is the reason a census every ten years was provided by the Constitution in the first place. The census will answer everything about us, in sum, except the one question we'd most like to know about at the moment: Who will be our next President?

Notes and Asides

Word reaches us from a student at Tulane University in New Orleans of still another instance of official terror at the thought that students should be exposed to NATIONAL REVIEW—an exposure that thus renders insecure (how can we deny it?) the Liberal orthodoxy.

Herewith the story: at the Tulane University Library there is a so-called Browsing Room in which periodical magazines, bound in red leather jackets, are available for the casual reading of the students. For a long time NATIONAL REVIEW was among them, but along about November of last year, the student in question complained that an early October issue of NATIONAL REVIEW had not been changed for the current issue. He was given the explanation that the subscription had inadvertently lapsed, but that all would be made right in a few weeks. In February, the current issue was finally inserted into the folder; but then again the weeks came and went, and the same old February issue remained in the folder.

The student addressed an official in the Browsing Room, and got the story. Said the lady of the Browsing Room: she could not understand the decision of the Assistant Librarian, given the fact that "more students were interested in NATIONAL REVIEW than in any other serious magazine," but the Assistant Librarian had decided to discontinue the subscription. Why? Because—get this—NATIONAL REVIEW is Hate Literature.

Well, we don't need Tulane University but, alas, Tulane students need NATIONAL REVIEW, and someone in the administration of the University should inquire as to why the action of a single harebrain in the Library Administration should deprive the entire student body of access to the principal source of conservative political and cultural information in the nation. We intend to ask that question of the President of Tulane University, and the members of its board of trustees, and do not even promise that in calling it to their attention we will refrain from asking what is Hateful about the single serious magazine published in America which believes in states' rights.

In This Issue

. . . we feature the first in a series of political profiles by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. Jack Kennedy is up, and in successive issues Mr. Chamberlain will have a look at Humphrey, Stevenson, Johnson and Symington. And the last in the series will be a profile of Presidential Candidate Wayne Morse by—MORRIE RYSKIND. . . . ALOISE HEATH and PRISCILLA BUCKLEY write of their trip to Israel ("the first 24 hours in Israel are apt to give the traveler the feeling that he's going down for the third time in a vanilla milk shake") . . . PHILIP BURNHAM, former editor of *Commonweal*, brother of James, and now a resident of Tucson, discusses the recent proposal of John Kenneth Galbraith that a child be educated specifically for the job he will carry out during his lifetime.

NATIONAL REVIEW'S book review editor, FRANK MEYER, discusses the important new volume by Senator Barry Goldwater, and GEORGE H. CARTER, Professor of Geography at Johns Hopkins, reviews Manston Bates' *The Forest and the Sea*. M. STANTON EVANS of the *Indianapolis News* reviews Professor Seymour Lipset's tantalizing *Political Man*. And JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, who himself worked for many years on *Life* and *Time*, reviews the acidulous book of T. S. Matthews, for 24 years a Timestalwart, more recently—as happens to all squeamish men—become an escapee from the Wasteland of Time, Inc . . . FRANCIS RUSSELL, who is still at work on his volume on Sacco and Vanzetti, reviews the movie that shocked Khrushchev.

We announce with deep regret the loss of JOHN LEONARD, 21—to higher education. Mr. Leonard left Harvard after two years, and in due course came to work for NATIONAL REVIEW, and has been here for over a year during which, among other things, he a) went to Cuba to hunt down Ernesto de la Fé (and practically landed in jail); b) wrote some memorable articles, reviews and editorials; c) got married; d) wrote a novel; and e) learned that Life With the American Right is not quite the Horror Story one hears about in so many quarters of Harvard University and other provincial places. We wish him godspeed, and good luck at the University of California, and look forward to reviewing, some day soon, his first novel, in which we feel we have a proprietary interest.

And simultaneously, we announce with pride the addition to the staff of DAVID FRANKE, 22, a Texan, a student at George Washington University (he plans to transfer to a night school in New York), a former editorial assistant at *Human Events*, secretary, National Student Committee for the Loyalty Oath, editor of the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists' publication, *The Individualist*. Mr. Franke, as one can see, has been around. We cordially welcome him.

An Affectionate Farewell to Alfred Kohlberg

Two months ago in New York, representatives of the anti-Communist community gathered to pay honor to Alfred Kohlberg, 73, who by common consent had done more than any other single man to keep alive the cause of a free China. From all over the world messages of appreciation and admiration came in, and the small, mild-mannered, self-effacing businessman received the tributes of Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, Herbert Hoover, Douglas MacArthur, Richard Nixon, to name only a few. His sudden death last week imposes upon the cause he served a staggering setback, and on his friends, a sense of irretrievable loss. Those who knew him would probably agree that even on so solemn an occasion, Alfred Kohlberg would have been impatient with a conventional tribute, a conventional obituary, preferring instead an attempt at a reiteration of the ideals for which he fought so long and bravely, with reference to his role in that fight. Accordingly, we reproduce extracts from the remarks at the testimonial dinner for Alfred Kohlberg on January 26, 1960, by the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

How pleasant it would be to have an altogether frictionless evening, a surcease from work, a contented hour given over to celebrating the personal and public accomplishments of a brave man. But evenings which bring together spirited people moved by a common impulse—in this case, the impulse to save the people of China from total despair—cannot take that course, and probably should not. We seldom give ourselves over completely to serenity. I think of a great Christian prayer, serene, beatific, but before it is quite over, we find ourselves asking our Maker to be so thoughtful as to "cast into hell those evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the destruction of souls." Amen. And anyway, to take no notice of the basic frictions which animate this kindly, dogged, energetic, modest, and intelligent man, would be to render an imperfect tribute to Alfred Kohlberg. He is one of the few men who would be bored to death by any evening given over exclusively to the recounting of his virtues and attainments. . . .

Since Dean Acheson

When Mr. Acheson was chased out of public life by an unusually emphatic act of public resolution, the landslide of 1952, he departed as the symbol of a futile, epicene anti-Communism, to make way, we were assured, for a vigorous, purposive, clearheaded anti-Communism. So the people believed—but not all of them. On election eve a Yale professor who was watching the returns with me over television said wearily, after listening to Mr. Eisenhower's victory speech: *"Mark my words, before Eisenhower is through he'll make Dean Acheson look like Custer's last stand."*

I think in foreign policy that is substantially what has happened, most especially since the death of John Foster Dulles. Mr. Eisenhower has been pretty good where China is concerned (indeed, he tends to be pretty good on everything to which he does not turn his attention). I say "pretty good," because those few symbols of hope for the Far East that are left to us—non-recognition of the Red Chinese Government by the Government of the United States, non-recognition of the Red Chinese Government by the United Nations, the continued independence of little Quemoy and Matsu—are with us still, even though pressure mounts to abandon hope.

Freedom for China no Nearer

Seven years later, the symbols remain, but is the restoration of freedom to China any nearer than it was in 1952? If times were better one could ask for something more, something more substantial than merely the survival of our symbols, because, after all, it is deliverance, not the mere hope of it, that gives meaning to those symbols; we might, then, under different circumstances, judge the President more critically for having found no way to press for deliverance and, more, for not having shown the spirit to make the search.

Meanwhile Tibet is gone, Laos teeters on the edge, the North Koreans, scrupulously violating every term of the peace treaty, brag of having fought the West to a standstill; in Cuba the Communist revolution goes forward; the Hungarians, having written with their blood the code to the dissolution of the Communist empire, have despaired of our blindness—but the list is too long, and too depressing, and too obvious to those here to warrant retelling. But by whatever road one travels in assessing the foreign policy of the Administration, one ends up at Camp David, where Khrushchev came after wending his way about the land, after subduing prominent members of the American press and the business community, after suppressing the insurrection led by the mayor of Los Angeles and bringing California to heel through Governor Pat Brown, who greeted Khrushchev with the words, "We who respect you, we who admire you, welcome you to California." Indeed, we mourn for Dean Acheson who, at least, enforced the Monroe Doctrine.

The trick of it is that individual people change, "things" don't. The premises of Soviet Communism were the same in 1945, when Dean Acheson was making preposterous assumptions about Communism, as they are today, when Dwight Eisenhower is making preposterous assumptions about Communism. And in between the premises were the same; the same when we lost China in 1949; the same when Dwight Eisenhower was hinting at the liberation of the Soviet satellites in 1952. The metaphysics of Soviet Communism did not change during that period. What did happen during that period is that the Soviet Union acquired control over, roughly, half the world, developed the hydrogen bomb, girded the moon with a rocket, and was cheered by San Franciscans. But these circumstantial developments do not

alter—or do they?—the essential moral and intellectual relationships of men and ideas. We still pray, do we not, that the Lord will thrust into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam through the world seeking the destruction of souls? Or does Camp David render that prayer obsolete?

People change; their ideas change; their resolution; their power; their characters; their qualities; their blood-counts; but truths, the great dogmas of the West, are totally unchanged, and these Alfred Kohlberg had perceived by 1945, and has never let go of them, and never will. If our nation had been guided by him, there would be with us tonight men and women from the interior of continental China, come to pay him tribute for the part he played in making possible the overthrow of the oppressor.

His Instrument—the Letter

What has he done? And how? He does not have a vast publishing empire—unless you count a mimeograph machine and the estimable Miss Murray as a rough equivalent. He does not have a vast fortune. He is not a Senator, or a Congressman, or a general. He has been a businessman, a philanthropist, a publisher. But his instrument is the letter.

How many letters has he written? I do not know. I do know that a month or so ago he wrote one to the *New York Times,* and that directly under the date, he wrote "My 467th unpublished letter to the *N. Y. Times*" —which evidently so moved the editor of the letters section of the *Times* as to cause him to publish it. The next editor will face the same problem.

It was, by the way, a typical letter from Alfred Kohlberg, who has the sharpest eyes in America for the legerdemain of the mythmakers. He wrote:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Your editorial in today's issue entitled "Red China's Trees" is apparently based in part on a dispatch in yesterday's paper by a Canadian correspondent telling about the planting of trees in Communist China. That dispatch reported 540 million fruit trees planted in the bed of the Yellow River in Honan and Shantung Provinces.
>
> I have only crossed the Yellow River in its lowest course, in Shantung Province, on the Tientsin-Pukow railway where it is approximately one mile wide. Presuming that width and a length of something up toward 500 miles in Honan and Shantung Provinces, there might be 500 square miles in the bed of the Yellow River. This equals 320,000 acres which, divided into 540 million trees, makes 1,687 trees per acre. In my native California, 40 fruit trees per acre is more or less standard procedure, so that your correspondent reports trees planted 42 times as close as in California.
>
> Maybe he should have taken pencil and paper and figured this out before he swallowed the figure which the Communist Chinese propaganda bureau sent him.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> ALFRED KOHLBERG

. . . Merely because Alfred Kohlberg *does* know how to smile, it is a mistake, as near to a deadly mistake in the relationships of controversy as one can make, to assume that he is a frivolous man. The editor of the *Reporter* recently wrote that one cannot be a conservative unless one is solemn. (If there is a correlation between solemnity and conservatism, heaven knows the *Reporter* would be a conservative journal.) But Alfred Kohlberg is skittish only in the sense that Gilbert K. Chesterton could be said to have been: he is a man totally engaged. He is concerned with the fate of men who have fallen prey to tyranny, and with the careers of those who cooperated in that catastrophe, and he seeks to bring hope and relief to the former, and for the latter, justice; and these ends he labors after with the instruments at his command—his wit, his perseverance, his mimeograph machine.

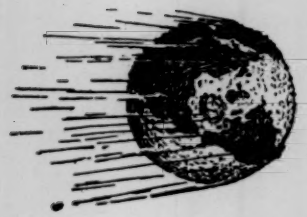
Is Recognition "Inevitable"?

Should he lose hope? Should *we* lose hope? As recently as two weeks ago, a kind and courteous gentleman, the retired chaplain of Yale University, returned from the Far East which he visited in his new capacity as executive director of Yale-in-China, an evangelical educational project of great distinction, and recommended that we recognize Red China, since recognition is after all "inevitable." Is it indeed inevitable? I do not see why; and I do not say that because I am philosophically disinclined to concede that anything is "inevitable." I believe it is inevitable, for instance, that, in support of recognition of Red China, the argument will be used that recognition is inevitable. But recognition of Red China—the betrayal of Free China—is no more inevitable than, say, the victory of Communism all over the world. That is not inevitable. Is it?

It is only inevitable that men will continue to misunderstand, and that the issue of recognition of Red China will increasingly become a fetish, one of those devices—like Summit conferences—through which, substituting procedure for policy, we propose to dissipate evil spirits. The pressures for recognition have become thunderous, and some of the arguments were surely constructed by Rube Goldberg. Last spring when word reached the West of the invasion of Tibet and the horrors it brought, the *New York Post* was constrained to deplore the brutalities of the Chinese Communists. The editorial went as follows: We must deplore the brutalities. The exact nature of the brutalities cannot be known because there were not present any American journalists. The journalists could not be there on account of our failure to recognize Red China, which, by the way, why the hell haven't we? If the rape of Tibet has in a single series of logically connected sequences been made to argue for the recognition of Red China, it becomes possible to explain the course of American foreign policy; and it becomes easier, much much easier, to understand what is meant by the "inevitability" of recognition.

But with the progressive disintegration of thought, it becomes correspondingly important that we persevere. . . .

We shall not hear the end of Alfred Kohlberg. I count that among the certitudes that govern my existence. If any of us ever strays, to find himself in the shadow of hell, we will find a letter pinned on the gates, addressed to us by name, copy to the *New York Times.* "Before you go any further," Alfred Kohlberg will have written, "are you aware that Satan has belonged to 23 Communist fronts?"



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

From a Cold War Notebook

Nairobi, Kenya. The authorities and the general press are united in their effort to hide from the world the revival of the Mau Mau movement. *Intelligence Digest* reports that the unspeakably bestial oath-taking ceremonies—with their pledge to steal, burn and destroy crops, houses and cattle, and to kill in the most ferocious manner not only all Europeans but all Africans who reject Mau Mau leadership—have been held almost nightly since the first of the year. A number of moderate Kikuyu chiefs have been hacked to pieces in one of the milder Mau Mau modes of assassination. (In one standard procedure of the Mau Mau inner circle, the victim is mutilated; suspended upside down; his head slowly sawed off; the liquid then drunk from the gouged-out eyeballs.)

It is well known to everyone in Kenya, but not to his American admirers, that Tom Mboya has never repudiated the Mau Mau, and founded his own career on his work with Jomo Kenyatta, whose Kenya African Union, dissolved by the British in 1953, was the Mau Mau political front. Mboya has lately supplemented his trade union base with an expanding group of strong-arm bodyguards modeled on the Nazi stormtroopers, who surround him wherever he goes, make smooth his path to meetings and demonstrations, and beat up all hecklers and dissidents.

East Berlin. Economic conditions in East Germany have considerably improved during the past year. Output of the optical, electrical, machine-tool, glass and other traditional industries has notably advanced in both quantity and quality. Trade has expanded with Western and Asian as well as Soviet-bloc nations. One consequence has been a sharp drop in the number of East Germans defecting to the West, and for the first time a substantial flow of West Germans to the Communist East. This eastward defection has lately been running as high as 50 per cent of the westward. The explanation seems to be a deliberate easing of Moscow's economic controls, in the interest of Khrushchev's current Operation Germany, which has given scope to the hard-working, stubborn dynamism that characterizes all Germans everywhere.

Warsaw. Poland now claims to lead the world in annual per capita output of books, followed by the Soviet Union, Japan, Great Britain and West Germany in that order. Communist book publishing figures are inflated by including minor political brochures, but they are nevertheless impressive for all the Soviet bloc. Because Communist authors are usually paid on an outright per-sheet instead of a royalty basis, many books of both fiction and non-fiction are inordinately padded. The high rate paid for poetry is said to account for the fact that 15 per cent of current Polish literature is written in verse.

In spite of the continuous propaganda boosting the Marxist-Leninist classics and the approved socialist-realist authors, reader polls in the satellite nations invariably show the contemporary Western writers, who began to be translated after 1956, to be in high favor. According to *East Europe*, a fourth of Polish fiction publication is currently translated from Western languages, and Polish readers rate Ernest Hemingway and Albert Camus above any native or Soviet writers. Erich Maria Remarque, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Mann, Graham Greene and Agatha Christie are also popular throughout eastern Europe. At present the regimes are trying to shift reader interest to books written by natives of the underdeveloped nations of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Moscow. The projected "Friendship of the Peoples University," planned for 4,000 students from underdeveloped regions, with full expenses paid, is only one unit in a growing complex designed to train native leaders, agents and tools for the Communist advance into Asia, Africa and Latin America. For Africans, *Est et Ouest* lists the following among the "cadre" institutions already in operation:

1) An "African Trade Union School" which opened last August in Budapest. It is handling classes of 30 to 50 students carefully recruited from African trade unions.

2) A school at Prague, using the name of "Institute of Economic Studies" and under the nominal auspices of the International Student Union, but actually training young activists in conspiratorial, terrorist and insurrectionary techniques.

3) Another special school in a Prague suburb currently training students from Guinea, which will be supplemented by a Communist-run school soon to be opened in Conakry.

4) An "Advanced School of Africans," conducted under the direction of the East German trade union federation at Bernau, near East Berlin, and a similar institution at Bautzen.

5) The "School for the Development of African Students" at Warsaw.

At most of these, Communist experts from Western nations are among the full- or part-time instructors.

Riga, Latvia. It is difficult for Westerners to grasp the intensity of feeling from the entire Communist world that is now focused on Moscow's Pushkin Theater. Each day thousands of persons try to force their way inside to watch a few moves of the drawn-out contest for the chess championship of the world. But it is not merely the well-known Slavic love of chess that draws them. A twenty-six-year-old Latvian, Mikhail Tal, is the challenger against the long-established world champion, the Russian Mikhail Botvinnik. In the unarticulated feelings of tens of tens of millions, these two are like the medieval champions who met in hand-to-hand combat as proxies for two knightly armies. Tal *vs.* Botvinnik has become the symbol of the captive nations *vs.* imperial Russia. And Tal, who plays with incredible unorthodoxy and daring, is now leading by a formidable margin.

The Chameleon Image of John F. Kennedy

How can Northern Liberals and Southern Democrats, Free Enterprisers and Welfare Statists, all like Jack Kennedy? Could it be *eiconics?*

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I got no closer to Wisconsin in primary week than the State of Michigan, but maybe it was just as well. For it was in Michigan—Ann Arbor—that I came upon the term *eiconics*, invented by Professor Kenneth E. Boulding to cover the prevailing theory of how the average human mind works. As the horse fanciers would put it, *eiconics* is by Madison Avenue out of Immanuel Kant, with a blessing from the *gestalt* psychologists thrown in for good measure. To come down from the stratosphere, it means that Joe Blow arrives at conclusions not by testing, comparing and analyzing information but by grabbing for images *and stopping right there.*

Since the politicians have learned this nobody is safe. For what it amounts to is saying that principle is the refuge of fools. The new science of politics consists of putting images together, the synthesis following a bastard form of marginal analysis to determine what will catch the last and laziest and most uncommitted voter on election day. It follows from this that the Democratic Party has the perfect Presidential candidate, one it will reject at its own peril.

John Kennedy, junior Senator from Massachusetts, is the perfect candidate because he looks conservative, acts with a judicious air, respects what passes for academic *expertise*, is rich without seeming to care for money, defers to the hierarchy of his Catholic Church in spiritual matters without admitting the Pope into his own province of Caesar, draws an apparent line between good and bad labor that is reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt's distinction between good and bad trusts, and always, in a pinch, votes radical.

The "image," then, consists of a series of overlays, any one of which can be conveniently shuffled to the top to catch this or that voter on the margin. This does not mean that Kennedy is personally insincere, for he creates all the overlays out of facets of his own character and lets the marginal voter, out of unanalyzed emotional needs, do the shuffling for himself. *Caveat emptor.* The only insincerity in this is that Kennedy is willing to become the beneficiary of the voter's own moronic misapprehensions.

The McCarthy Issue

The Kennedy behavior in the McCarthy issue is suggestive. When Kennedy recently came out in favor of repealing the loyalty oath required of college students who accept federal money under the National Defense Act to help finance their education, it looked as if the move had been plotted on a graph. As cynics might (and did) observe, it was just what Kennedy needed to recoup prestige in Liberal academic circles that he had lost in failing to take active part in the interminable anti-McCarthy jehad. Both the opposition to the loyalty oath and the failure to become aroused over McCarthy, however, seem to me to stem from the same basic strain in Kennedy's nature: he approaches problems without emotion. To him, the loyalty oath is "useless" because it is logically demonstrable that it would not deter a Communist from swearing falsely —and there is much in pure logic to be said for this view of oaths. By the same token, however, violent opposition to McCarthy is also a waste of time: only the smallest sort of minority has a good word to say for McCarthy anyway. The whole ruction makes a mountain out of what Kennedy palpably regards as a molehill. McCarthy was no "menace" to American institutions; he was, in Kennedy's view, simply an unpleasant fellow in the Senate. Kennedy, if he hadn't been flat on his back at the time because of a spinal operation, would have voted to censure McCarthy on narrow grounds of the "honor and dignity of the Senate"—*i.e.*, for failure to "get along" with his senatorial mates as Kennedy himself had "gotten along" with John Rankin in the House of Representatives despite their divergent methods and philosophies. This form of censure would not have challenged the right of Kennedy's Boston Irish constituents to be for McCarthy out of opposition to Communism.

But if all this leaves Kennedy perfectly in the clear as regards his own basic sincerity, he remains willing to accept the votes of both the pro-McCarthy Irish and the anti-McCarthy members of the Harvard University faculty. That is politics.

As a conservative, or libertarian, or Old Whig, or whatever you want to call me, I confess that I wish I could be for Kennedy. I regard it as a healthy manifestation that a young man from Massachusetts can be serious on the floor of the Senate, yet take personal delight in dropping the senatorial toga at the foot of the Washington Monument to take violent part in an impromptu touch football game. I like Kennedy's ability on a summer morning at Hyannisport to forget his real concern over the unemployment statistics of Lawrence, Mass., in favor of picking up Stend-

hal's *Charterhouse of Parma:* it takes a cultivated mind not to be misled by statistics. The whole flavor of the Kennedy clan—all for one and one for all, whether they are vacationing on Cape Cod or in Florida or blanketing the wards of Boston (or Milwaukee) in an election campaign—is appealing; after all, family feeling, even for numerous in-laws, is basic to any good conservatism. And Kennedy's ability to hold his old friends —Torbert MacDonald of Harvard days, LeMoyne Billings of Choate School, both of whom have worked for him in campaign after campaign —testifies to something perdurable in his character.

But if personal loyalty and family feeling are good things, Kennedy's relationship to the American past that has made him possible as the "first Irish Brahmin" is bad. True, he fought for his country in World War Two magnificently, as the oft-told stories of his bravery as a PT-boat commander in the Pacific attest. Nevertheless, he has come more and more to be an enemy of the fluid, upwardly mobile society that permitted his father, Joe Kennedy, to climb out of the ruck of Boston lace-curtain Irish society to a place where he could afford to become F.D.R.'s Ambassador to the Court of St. James. That Jack Kennedy is not himself aware of his position only makes it worse.

State Welfarism

Like other sons of rich men in politics, Kennedy feels that he must make himself palatable to the poor: he is for a costly rigmarole of extended social security, medical care, federal housing, federal aid to school construction, even family allowances for each child. He has been less offensive in the phrasing of his paternalism than most of the tribe who have obeyed what James Wick has called "the iron law of the rich New Dealer." The net effect of Kennedy's politics, however, would be to freeze American society along permanent class lines. With the leverage of capital gains in inflationary situations to favor them, the rich, as a class, need have no fear that New/Fair Deal "leveling" will affect them disastrously. But the taxation and the inflation that are inseparable from the Liberal politics that Kennedy has espoused must make the rise of future Kennedy clans extremely difficult. Not leveling, then, but stratification, looms as the end result of Jack Kennedy's egalitarianism and "democracy."

In his State Welfarism (Kennedy has more or less consistently gone

down the "progressive" and ADA line on domestic matters, with now and then a minor defection on farm policy), the junior Senator from Massachusetts has been true to the philosophy of the 11th Massachusetts District that first sent him to Congress. One must remember that the municipal Irish politicians of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were all State Welfarists. To the refugees from the potato famine, politics in America was a way both of advancement and of insuring one's friends and supporters against the more extreme effects of impoverishment. On the ward level made famous by Martin Lomasny, boss of Boston's Ward Eight, this was expressed by putting the faithful on the payroll and distributing turkeys at Christmas and scuttles of coal in a cold February. Jack Kennedy has come a long way from the colorful "pay-off" politics that made his maternal grandfather, John F. ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald, the first native-born Irish mayor of Boston; he has come a long way from the shrewd backroom deals of his other politicking grandparent, Patrick Kennedy of the old Boston Democratic "Board of Strategy." But, while he would freeze with horror at the idea of loading a political payroll with hangers-on who couldn't get regular jobs, the scion of "Honey Fitz" and Pat remains a Welfarist on a higher level. The theory of the hands-off Umpire State, after all, came to America from the England that produced Cromwell and the Puritans, not from Kilkenny or Cork.

So it is no defection from a conservative or an old-fashioned Liberal position that prompts Jack Kennedy to vote with Hubert Humphrey in the Senate to bring the State—and the bureaucracy—into a dominant position in the economic affairs of men; it is simply the expression of a tradition that came with his mother's milk. Kennedy's citation from Harvard, ". . . loyal to party, he remains steadfast to principle," which he received along with an honorary degree in 1956, expresses no hokum. But the tradition of Welfarism, which could be absorbed on a municipal level without having disastrous effects on the economy, threatens to become a different matter when it begins to absorb a third of the vital energy of the country at the national level. To Parkinsonian fears that a nation which conscripts more than 30 per cent of its people's earnings is riding for a fall, Jack Kennedy has been oblivious.

In this obliviousness he has been abetted by the Harvard which saw fit to give him the honorary degree. Kennedy respects academic *expertise;* he goes to Professor Archibald Cox of the Harvard Law School for advice on labor matters, to John Kenneth Galbraith for help on economics, to MIT's Walt Rostow for foreign policy aid. Since most of his advisers are refugees to the campus from a Washington that discarded them when the Fair Deal went out of office, Kennedy has hardly been getting his opinions from disinterested sources. Whether he realizes this himself is a question; he might be surprised to discover that his "experts" differ hardly at all from "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald's hangers-on in their hopes that politics can be made to pay off. An economic adviser who wants to return to Washington is not likely to be worried about the growth of bureaucratic empires.

Another field in which Kennedy is an unwitting enemy of the fluid, upwardly mobile society which allowed his father to settle million-dollar trust funds on all the young Kennedys, is labor legislation. Along with his younger brother Bob, whose

political advice he deems solid, Jack Kennedy has done his part in identifying the more flagrant racketeering elements of labor and bringing them into well-merited disrepute. But the Kennedy-Erwin labor bills brilliantly missed the point that it is compulsory state-backed unionism more than racketeering unionism that threatens to freeze the American economic system and make it non-competitive with more agile economies in the outer world. The Landrum-Griffin bill, from which Kennedy withdrew his name, was better—but it, too, contained much of the original Kennedy bias toward limiting labor reform to internal union matters. What is needed is labor reform that would make it impossible for the big unions to siphon off virtually all of the gains from technological progress; both the consumer and the stockholder who pays for improving the machinery available to labor deserve a break.

Kennedy has shown no signs of being interested in this sort of reform. In a nation that is not grinding any labor group down, Kennedy has seen fit to sponsor a bill to increase the compulsory minimum wage to $1.25 an hour, which might be just the sort of thing calculated to get a number of needy workers fired. Employers in marginal industries, after all, can pay only what they can pay.

Foreign Policy

If the conservative—or libertarian—would have little to look forward to in domestic matters from a Kennedy in the White House, how would he fare under a Kennedy regime in the realm of foreign policy? From time to time Kennedy has displayed a grasp of Cold War implications, but his realistic appraisal of Khrushchev's aims is not incompatible with an occasionally flagrant overestimation of what money can do to buy loyalty to U.S. policy in uncommitted countries. Kennedy's military policy is sound enough (he is for keeping our military power "paramount," both in nuclear weapons and in the traditional weapons needed for "brushfire wars"). When he was in the House of Representatives he sounded almost like Joe McCarthy in condemning a "sick" Roosevelt for giving away strategic parts of the world at Yalta. He also spoke of what President Truman had "frittered away" in China because of bad advice from "the Lattimores and the Fairbanks."

Though Kennedy no longer talks this way (if he did he might be accused by his own party of endorsing the "twenty years of treason" line of criticism), he does not impress one as a potential appeaser of the Communists. It takes two, he says, to make peace. But his "practical advice" is often a mixture of romanticism and failure to realize that decisions have symbolic as well as economic and strategic significance. He would keep the Red Chinese out of the United Nations as long as they fail to meet certain standards of behavior, but he would let Quemoy and Matsu go to a misbehaving Mao Tse-tung on the ground that they are "indefensible" and "provide a needless irritant." (He does not realize that if Quemoy and Matsu are abandoned, Formosa then becomes the newer and more dangerous irritant.) As for India, instead of advocating assimilable types of aid, Kennedy proposes programs designed to encourage Nehru's mania for the sort of grandiose five-year planning that helps no one but politicians.

And in other "looks" at foreign policy Kennedy has 1) managed to give the impression that he thinks he could do better in Algeria than de Gaulle, 2) that he might welcome the coming to power of the German Socialists, 3) that he thinks some good can come out of economic aid to Communist satellites such as Poland, and 4) that the way to impress foreigners is to "strengthen" our own educational system (as if the Middle East cares whether our children learn to read by look-say or phonics, or whether Washington or local school boards pay for school buildings in Oshkosh or Texarkana).

For the present weaknesses in our foreign policy (which have mainly to do with an unwillingness to show any desire or resolution to win the Cold War), Kennedy might substitute weaknesses of his own. The yearning to appear "imaginative" and "flexible" in foreign policy can easily be mistaken for uncertainty and timidity. But there is one particularly reassuring thing about Kennedy: as a Catholic he could hardly capitulate to Communism. That *would* be letting his co-religionists down.

Kennedy has said that he is "no Whig" in politics—meaning that he believes in strong White House leadership. He has always gone his own gait in Democratic Party matters, preferring to build his own personal machine to working with others. (The Kennedy family, with its in-laws, is almost a machine in itself.) Other Democrats have called him ruthless; they don't like the way he forced himself on Ohio and gave Pat Brown tacit notice in California that he expects second or third roll-call support from him this summer in Los Angeles. But if Kennedy, as President, would certainly try to rule his Administration, he is no ferocious last-ditcher. His ruthlessness in organizational matters does not extend to the war of ideas. Bad as some of his ideas are, he has never been vindictive toward those who oppose them.

Conservatives, under a Kennedy regime, would live to fight again.

A Spade Is a Spade Is a Spade

These city slickers shorely are
A-makin' life a trial;
A-changin' all the names o' things . . .
It makes a body b'ile!

But ah'm a-larnin', thanks to TVA's
Etarnal lenience;
Ah reads, now, in mah neon-lit
*Ex*terior convenience.

Ah don't no longer call young Jeb
A thievin', ornery cuss;
Hit's "juvenile delinquent" now;
He's proud . . . about to bus'!

They's one they ain't converted,
tho' . . .
An' never will, ah bet;
They ain't a-callin' hillbillies
No "Mountain Williams" yet!

An' white trash is still white trash. . .
Ah 'spose they ain't no use.
Ah sorta fancied changin' that
To make it "pale refuse."

Well, hand me down mah "ambulatin'
Aid" . . . ah gotta blow;
But fust, let's sing a verse of
Ole Dark Joseph, 'fore ah go!

ELEANOR MELLICHAMP SMITH

Professor Galbraith's Little Plan

PHILIP BURNHAM

"Education," Professor John Kenneth Galbraith insists, "has become an investment." This is the businesslike lesson he keeps repeating throughout his article, "Man and Capital," published within the disarming covers of the March 5th *Saturday Evening Post* as "Adventure of the Mind 47."

By education Professor Galbraith gives every impression of meaning all the learning and schooling the public ought to be concerned with, and not any special type, level or branch. Investment he explains elaborately to mean simply the standard practice of putting money in a business proposition to get back increased productivity, income and profits.

Professor Galbraith, author of *The Affluent Society,* is a teacher at Harvard and a prominent adviser to various more Liberal segments of the Democratic Party. His position has special interest because it reflects the thought of an increasingly coordinated and articulate group of intellectual reformers whose slogan is "National strength *versus* private luxury!" They favor increased expenditures in the "public sectors" of the political economy, diverted from the "private"; and they present themselves as the implacable foes of tail fins and chrome. But they are no new band of desert saints and ascetics, directing our gaze away from worldly objectives to satisfactions of the spirit. This article boldly—almost insolently—promotes the most exaggerated materialism.

The Soviets, he points out, have solved the problem their way. In the USSR, there is just one big budget, with all resources—land, capital, labor, management and, of course, education—under the same control. The people can be selected, "improved," placed and held in the most convenient economic spots, all according to the rational accounting of the central manager.

In the United States, "most likely we will solve the problem by making fuller and better use of the familiar instruments of public finance."

The idea is that added "educational" costs, as they are defined, will bring increased total production, income and taxes, all-in-all, and will thus prove a good national bargain. The federal government will play a major role. The stated reason is the ever-amazing and never-explained one that its fiscal resources are "inherently far greater than that of states and localities." But state and local taxation must be enlarged, too, with rich use made of sales and excise taxes. More enterprisingly and interestingly, a payroll tax for education and training is recommended for corporations. "As a percentage of total payroll the levy would be roughly proportioned to the quantity and quality of the people employed."

Social Engineering

For securing the desired fiscal return on the astronomical educational outlay, logic suggests only two methods. The first is to tie tightly together the man, the education and the job. The individual's decision would be led to a form of industrial education, and on beyond to a suitably related economic life work. Social engineers, supported by sufficient public financing, a reader is left to imagine, could arrange this in many ways: guiding young people, and rewarding or disciplining them in a soft, persuasive manner. More important, perhaps, would be the continuing process of cutting down the chance to earn a living and lead a life, without eccentric and heroic efforts, outside the big, rational pattern.

High national profit, one is also led to imagine, might come from an ever-higher perfection of uniformity and interchangeability of parts, that is, human parts played in production. This would definitely further the ideal of "making human beings as privileged, for purposes of investment, as are machines," or money itself. Less and less would young individuals have to be pushed into specific jobs. We could rely more upon a general uniformity of demand by industry and of supply by the schools.

Promoting education as simply a preliminary phase of economic production is, perhaps, an entertaining "adventure of the mind," but it leads to lurid nightmares. It is an unlikely and sentimental undertaking to persuade a Harvard professor that education is more than providing industry with replacements for skilled workers, technicians, scientists and executives—which is all he talks about. But he has left us with too dispiriting an idea of "education" and too loveless a definition of "improved men." Technical competence is not invariably equivalent to net human worth. People very rarely measure their virtue and happiness by the surplus value they produce above their capital cost. A father does not gauge his children by the boost they give to the family productivity. Martha was explicitly taught by the Lord deference to her uneconomic, and, we are quite sure, more beautiful sister, Mary.

The war between liberal education and practical training has not been so definitely ended as Professor Galbraith, in this article, pretends. Only a month before it appeared, Dean Jeremiah S. Finch of Princeton wrote the opposite: ". . . training is not, as some people think, the whole story. . . . The man who is trained *only* may be inert, not alive to the world about him. There can be *trained* gangsters. There can be *trained* slaves." But, "a liberal education means all those things that unbind and free a man from his own and the world's limitations." A liberal university is designed "for discovering and sharing truth . . . liberal education . . . may help him a little in avoiding hasty, stupid conclusions."

Professor Galbraith registers a kind of ironic satisfaction that "once we had to wait for the Edisons and Wrights. Now, through education and organization, we get something approaching the same results from much more common clay."

Dean Finch finds it harder to be complacent: "If in all this volume and group dynamics and mass organization we forget the individual, we are done for. . . . It was not mass production that wrote the Bill of

(Continued on p. 279)

Jordan-Israel: A Study in Apartness

There is just one thing Arab and Jew will agree on today, and that's that neither wants anything to do with Hammarskjold's togetherness talk

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY
and ALOISE B. HEATH

The first thing any Jordanian will want to talk to you about is Israel, and its iniquities. And he will demand instant agreement from you that the Arabs are right, the Jews wrong and that this criminal condition will not, can not and shall not last much longer. Every Jordanian we met had lived in what is now Israeli-Jerusalem—the New City (as, paradoxically, every Jew we encountered later seemed to have originated in the Old [Jordanian] City).

Across the twin rolls of barbed wire which cut through Jerusalem enclosing a narrow no man's land, perhaps a quarter of a mile from where we are standing, lies the family home of George Arabian, 20 years old, a guide. Although he can see it from a hilltop, it is as inaccessible to him as Mars. And has been, for him and every other Palestinian Arab, for the past twelve years. In his home live Jews he has never met. And although George works only one day out of five—the proportion of guides to tourists is extremely high in Jerusalem—his family has turned down several offers for the house. They will not deal with the Jews—on anything—any more than will the government of Jordan, or the Arab world at large. The Jordanian Arab is ready for only one accommodation on the part of the Jews, and that is the dissolution of the State of Israel.

And this state of mind, which a million United Nations mediation teams and all the goodwill (on the part of others) in the world will not change, as it is carried over in its actual application, makes for enormous complications. As in our case. There was, we found, a great deal more to see in and around Jordanian Jerusalem than we had realized. Bethlehem and Bethany (the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus), the Garden of Gethsemane and right above it the Mount of Olives (site of the Ascension), the Golden Gate which Jesus entered on Palm Sunday, the site of Pilate's palace, the Via Dolorosa, Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, all these are in Jordan. And to see them all would take an extra half-day's sightseeing. (No one, incidentally, gets to see Caiphas' palace, which is in no man's land.) So how to tell our Israeli friends that we would cross "the gate" at 2:00 P.M., instead of 9:00 A.M.?

No trouble at all, said George, who was not averse to selling us another half-day's tour. He would take care of it. And certainly it was no trouble—for us. George phoned the American consul. The consul, we gathered, leaped into his car, crossed over into Israel, relayed our message to his opposite number who, in turn, phoned our friend Erwin Shimron. The following morning the U. S. Consul, Jerusalem (Israel) drove to see the U.S. Consul, Jerusalem (Jordan) and told him the change of plan was agreeable to Shimron, and the consul phoned us the glad tidings.

This had the advantage of preparing us psychologically for the Mandelbaum Gate crossing (so named because a Jewish businessman, Mandelbaum, had a shop at the intersection which is the only land route between Israel and the Arab world). We and our twelve assorted bags drove fifty yards from the American Colony Hotel to the gate, got out and were gotten out. While we went through passport formalities, one porter, the only one licensed for this job, hand-carried our luggage some fifty yards into no man's land and deposited it in an open-air shed. When he had done so and returned to the Jordanian side, a second porter emerged from Israel, crossed to the shed and hand-carried the luggage the rest of the way to the Israel customs building. (The porters time their trips so that they never meet.)

Across the Border

The initial impression of the Israeli side is very different. There is little evidence of obsessive hatred of the Arab. To be sure, Israel has not the slightest intention of letting down the bars and allowing back the hundreds of thousands of Arabs who crossed the demarcation line when the armistice was signed. But there is no animus in this. (The man who is dispossessed will always hate the interloper, but the interloper, having gained his end, has little reason to hate the man he wronged.)

Our Israeli friends, we found, were extremely interested in Jordan. What had we seen? Where did we stay? Did we go through the old market? Were the fruits and vegetables still piled in colorful stacks and heaps? Was it clean, dirty? Was this really a Jordanian coin? (They had been unable to get one for their son's collection.) And all this, interspersed with nostalgic recollections of their own. We used to go to the market in the Old City, every week, but every week. . . . Did you see such and such? Well, our house was just around the corner from there. . . .

But the greatest difference between the Jordanian and Israeli (from cursory contact with both) was the outlook. The Jordanians live and breathe only for the day when the clock will

be turned back and Palestine returned to the Arab. The Israelis—while full of stories of the War of Liberation—are oriented toward the present and future. They are eager to show what they have done, what they are doing and what they will do to make Israel a paying proposition.

Better and Better

The first twenty-four hours in Israel are likely to give the casual traveler the feeling that he's going down for the third time in a vanilla milk shake, for here one is very carefully impressed that every day in every way absolutely everything is getting better and better, and as soon as the silly Arabs come to their senses, absolutely everything will be perfect. We set out to find a fly in the ointment, but I can't say that we succeeded in the slightest.

Among all the immigrants, which nationalities were the most welcome? we asked, puffing up the hill toward King David's tomb behind a white-haired university professor who had fled Vienna in 1938. Israel has no immigration restrictions and no favored nations, he told us. According to the country's constitution, no Jew may be denied admittance to the land of Israel. ("Home is where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in.") But surely, we persisted, as Israel grows more prosperous and more secure, she must attract increasing numbers of immigrants from underdeveloped countries, immigrants who are not pioneers, but simple parasites. Our guide gave us a blue-eyed twinkle. There was no doubt, he said, that there were some national groups who could help Israel, and some whom Israel could help, but, ultimately, the nation was formed for the benefit of "those who need us."

We tried again. Our target this time was a red-headed lawyer who had accompanied his Czechoslovakian parents to Palestine shortly after World War One—and very shortly indeed before his own birth. Wasn't Israel pretty top-heavy with professional and white-collar groups, given the occupational interests of Jews all over the world, we insinuated, and didn't the government have to resort to rather drastic measures in order to recruit the necessary labor for agriculture and industry? On the contrary, our friend replied, wiping the perspiration off his freckles (we were crawling through the ancient burial caves of the Sanhedrin), it is exactly this—the white-collar class which settled in Israel for ideological reasons—which can be counted on to offer its country whatever the country presently needs. A tailor's apprentice, he explained earnestly, will strenuously resist the back-breaking desert irrigation job for which an architect or a teacher will volunteer. And he crawled off on all fours into the farthest tomb as one of us whispered to the others: "Yes, but do you *have* to dig ditches, even if you'd rather practice law, do you suppose?" We had forgotten the famous acoustics of the Sanhedrin Necropolis: a freckle-faced grin appeared in the aperture which a moment before had framed a gray-flanneled rump. "You do not *have* to dig ditches," our friend's voice boomed through the cave. "But if you dig ditches, the government will certainly support you. If you choose to practice law your clients will only perhaps support you." And he disappeared again, leaving us to our frustration.

At a tea given for us that afternoon, we turned our attack on the women, of whom we had high hopes, after hearing that the little Arab maidservant of yesteryear, though long gone, had yet to be replaced by dishwashers and clothes-driers. Over a hot wedge of salty sheep-cheese pie (sounds revolting, doesn't it? Well, it's the most absolutely divine stuff you ever made a pig out of yourself on), we talked to a pretty, dark little woman who spoke with the delicately precise accents of the British aristocracy, but with the sparkle and glow of Spain. Which was not surprising, she told us, for the last fifteen or twenty generations of her family had been educated by English governesses and in English schools; yet, since the family itself had come to Palestine from Spain barely 600 years ago, its language and general culture was, of course, Spanish. "However," she added regretfully, "contemporary Spaniards tell me that I do not speak the correct language of today, but only of the fifteenth century."

We chatted amiably for half an hour or so about the life of the upper classes in pre-Israel Palestine, and the changes the War of Independence had brought about; then we closed in for the kill. As a member of the wealthy, leisured aristocracy of Jerusalem, how did she feel, we asked, about the hordes of raucous immigrants who jostled her in the once-quiet streets of her native town? How did she feel about the crowded, compulsory State schools which had replaced the governesses and the private classes; about the thirty months of military service which faced her sons and daughters at the age of 18—the age their parents had set off for European finishing schools and universities? How did she feel about the labor-recruiting offices which had siphoned off the domestic pool of cooks and maids, gardeners and handymen, leaving her to learn, in her middle years, to replace them with her two hands? How did she feel about the part of her income which once had made possible the paintings, the jewelry, the beautiful clothes, the holidays in Rome or Paris or Athens, but which now made possible only her tax payments?

We paused for breath, and she looked at us for a moment, smiling. Then she made a little feminine gesture of helplessness. "You want me to say that I long for my old life, do you not? But of course! I would prefer to have everything I loved in my old life without giving up anything I love in my new life. What I would wish for is—oh! *everything!*" giving herself a little hug. "But what woman does not?" For a moment she gazed thoughtfully at the toes of her immaculate, shoddy, size 4 shoes. "How can I make you understand?" she said slowly. "Well. When I was 20 years old, I had all that we have spoken of: I had gaiety and leisure and pretty clothes and holidays in Europe. My daughter is now 20 years old and she lives in a *kibbutz* near the Syrian frontier. At this moment she is almost certainly driving a tractor. But my daughter is a happier young woman than I was, for I was a Jewish girl who lived in Palestine, but my daughter is an Israeli."

You see? You just can't get the best of these people. They act like American colonials around 1782, for Pete's sake!

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Moral Coexistence

READING the March issue of *Encounter,* I was impressed to the point of shock by the unlikely conjuncture of two articles which together startlingly manifest the progressive corrosion of Western intelligence by relativism and ethical neutralism. Both showed a total absence of the intellectual ability to make distinctions and differentiations, and the unhappy disappearance of any sentiment of just pride and firm belief in the inheritance and civilization of the West.

There was no surprise in itself in one of the articles, an interview with George Kennan, who, like Robert Oppenheimer, exiled from the opportunity for substantive political mischief has for some years contented himself with grandiose pseudo-metaphysical mining and sapping of the foundations of his civilization. He is a certified sage of the Establishment, and one expects from him neither pride in the West nor the ability to make elementary distinctions.

What caused the shock was to find juxtaposed to the interview with Kennan an article by Michael Polanyi, a man who is generally regarded as being in opposition to the doctrines of established Liberalism—an article which displayed the same implicit refusal to make sharp distinctions and the same lack of pride in the heritage of the West. I do not want to imply that the two men have at all the same tone or that their aims and ends are the same; they undoubtedly diverge widely, both in their philosophical tone and in the solutions they would propose to specific political and social problems. What is frightening is that when it comes to the bedrock of fundamental belief and loyalty, they share an implicit set of concepts which can only be described as neutralism in the struggle between the values of the West and the revolutionary values Soviet Communism expresses and champions.

Neither of them distinguishes in essence between the imperfections of Western and American society, on the one hand, and Communist society, on the other. Both equate the moral significance of "Communist revisionism" of the Djilas type with sociological criticism of American life of the Riesman type. Neither is willing to make absolute moral and spiritual distinctions between Western civilization and Communist society. Both show themselves devoid of devotion, loyalty, piety to the West which nurtured them.

KENNAN makes it directly obvious that he regards that loyalty to America and that pride in our institutions which until recently characterized the American ethos, as sinful: "Somehow we Americans have made ourselves guilty over the course of decades of great arrogance . . . a sort of childish arrogance about the virtues of our own society." And he goes on to congratulate us for having overcome this "romanticism of the nineteenth century" and having reached the high level of "maturity" on which he sits, where the weaknesses of American society criticized by the sociologists are rhetorically equated with the weaknesses of Soviet society, criticized by the "revisionists."

He himself has some valid and some decidedly invalid criticisms to make of certain aspects of materialism and conformism in the United States, but none of those criticisms points toward recovering our heritage of freedom. They all end, as might be expected, in a call for a *dirigisme à la Galbraith,* where a bureaucratic elite, through manipulation of the tax system, could dictate the disposition of national income, not according to the desires of those who earn it, but according to the plans of social engineers.

But whatever might be expected of Kennan, it is distressing to find Michael Polanyi, who has from time to time in the past written very well on aspects of the Western ethos, accepting the same kind of moral equivalence between the West and Communism and exhibiting the same debilitation of loyalty to the West.

In some ways, indeed, he says it more clearly; early in his article he writes: "The idea that morality consists in imposing on ourselves the curb of moral commands is so ingrained in us, that we simply cannot see that the moral need of our time is, on the contrary, to curb our inordinate moral demands, which precipitate us into moral degradation, and threaten us with bodily destruction." Which means, as what follows shows, that we must stop feeling superior to Communism and recognize that virtue today rests in the joint effort of the "revisionists" of the Communist world and the critics of our own society to achieve an uncommitted neutral unity. The struggle between Communism and the West must be overcome, as the religious wars of the seventeenth century were overcome, by a bland ethos, neutral to ultimate value, "a civic partnership united in its resolve on continuous reform."

THE end achieved by the resolution of the seventeenth-century struggle was, in Polanyi's words, to establish "for the first time since the rise of Christianity the foundations of a secular society." He does not describe the society which would make the struggle between Communism and the West irrelevant. But as the solution to the religious wars was the founding of a secular, that is, an irreligious society, may we not surmise that a society which would tamp down the burning Western belief in the freedom of the person would be an inhuman society?

This is not solution, but suicide. The West has always been able to look on itself critically, to recognize its imperfections and strive to overcome them. But when faced with an enemy, alien to its basic beliefs, threatening its existence, it has rejected compromise and scorned hesitation. The enemy we face today is the most alien and the most deadly in our history, one with whom accommodation means surrender. We need now not lofty disinterested counsels, but the cry that rang out at Roncesvalles and Lepanto: "We are right! They are wrong!"

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Private Libraries

In his novel *Self Condemned,* the late Wyndham Lewis sketches a lingering freeman of the old republic of letters, a critic named Rotter; and describes Rotter's handsome library. In the days that are approaching—indeed, that are upon us—there will be no such cozy studies and noble private libraries, Lewis suggests: the egalitarians will see to that, employing the powers of the state to enforce uniformity of intellect and taste.

I have known American professors, indeed, who look forward with a malicious satisfaction to this consummation. Books may be their tools, but they do not love the works of the mind; perhaps they themselves possess only some free-sample textbooks, and really desire nothing more. "It won't be long," one of these gentry said to me, "before everybody will have to go to the public library or the college library—and a good thing." After all, wasn't the British Museum good enough for Marx?

Writing this little essay at three in the morning, before a fire of oak logs here in my own library, I am not of the egalitarian professor's persuasion. Around me—in this brick Dutch barn, once a wood-working shop in my depopulated village of Mecosta—are some thousands of good books, accumulated ever since my great-grandfather's day at Mecosta, though most of them my own loot from second-hand bookshops and auctions over thirty years. My great-grandfather bought the set of Swedenborg, and I the set of Johnson. Here I can work in great quiet and content, with wisdom ready to hand. On a much smaller scale, and with far inferior talents, I share the deep pleasure Scott took in his library at Abbotsford, or Isaac Disraeli, in London, assembling the curiosities of literature.

George Gissing—a man very unlike Marx—had to do his serious reading in the British Museum, where the signs over the wash-basins read, "For casual ablutions only." Somehow, laboring in a public or college library, perhaps crowded and usually overheated or underheated, sours the temper. Knowing this, Gissing longed for—but never attained—a secluded cottage full of books, the sort of retreat described in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.* According to a young Scottish girl-writer, "Russell Kirk is the leader of the Happy Young Men." If this be true, I think a principal cause of my general enjoyment of life is that I work in solitude, surrounded by noble minds and decent pictures and pleasant memories. I type these sentences on my great-uncle Raymond's typewriter, an L. C. Smith No. 1, *circa* 1907; perhaps my heir will use it after me. A profound sense of continuity, and the consciousness of living among things that do not perish, tend to convince a man that Creation is good.

Of course my library is nothing by the side of the great collections: the splendid book-lined corridors of Chatsworth, for instance, where Hobbes (a very merry man, despite his grim politics) read and wrote at the expense of his friends and patrons the Cavendishes—and where scholars from many countries still pore through books and papers, though the Dukes of Devonshire have had to sell their incunabula to pay death duties, and engage only two or three librarians nowadays.

Recently I stayed at Balcarres, in Scotland, the seat of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. At Balcarres are what remains of the great Lindsay Libraries, once the finest private collection in Britain, and still comprising probably the best collection of early books in private possession. The Lindsays built their enormous library over five generations, on systematic principles, to seek an answer to the great question, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Death duties and income tax broke the back of the library in this century, but the remnant is splendid. Among the documents are the very parchment of the Ninety-Five Theses which Luther nailed to his church door, the Round Robin which Samuel Johnson's great friends of the Club presented to the genius of Gough Square.

Nowadays the antiquarian bookshops are being rummaged bare by agents of American university and college libraries. A good deal of their treasure trove gets buried forever in dusty stacks; in private libraries, these books were *used.* It is somewhat melancholy to linger in an enormous state university library, watching a horde of confused and uninterested freshmen blundering about in search of reference books for that accursed term-paper in Communication Skills which they don't wish to write and their instructor doesn't wish to read. Lavish appropriations have crammed the university library's stacks with scarce and important books; but few of them ever are taken from the shelves, let alone borrowed. I often have found very expensive and valuable works, in university libraries, that never had their pages cut.

Much better than the college and university libraries, I like the munificently-endowed and ably-directed independent collections: the Folger, the Newberry, the Huntington, the Clements libraries. Yet these ought to be, and are, meant for specialized studies, for recourse to books that the ordinary man could not possibly find, let alone own. Where fairly ordinary study and pleasant reading are concerned, we ought to rely on our own shelves—if the high cost of typesetting, the premium on living-space, and the demands of modern living would allow us to.

While I was abroad last year, a little man came poking, unannounced, into my Dutch barn of a library. "I'm the state fire inspector," he told my uncle; and he began asking questions about sanitary facilities, fire-escapes, and extinguishers.

"Do you know this isn't a *public* library?" asked my surprised uncle.

"No?" said the inspector. "Why, they told me this building was a library. Then where *is* the library in this burg?" (Mecosta hasn't one). The inspector never had heard of a *private* library; and as things are going, no one else will have.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

A Man of Principle

FRANK S. MEYER

When leading political figures can be distinguished one from the other mainly by their haircuts, and Presidential candidates are packaged and repackaged like cigarettes and automobiles (the New This and the Dynamic That), it is rare indeed to find a man in high office who stands for clear-cut principle and presents himself to the public on the basis of principle. It is rarer still when that principle is conservative principle.

But Senator Barry Goldwater, in his new book, *The Conscience of a Conservative* (Sheperdsville, Ky.: Victor Publishing Co., $3.00) has dared to challenge the conventions of contemporary politics and the careful self-seeking calculations of the poll-peepers who rely on a boyish grin or a "sincere" personality to get them by, year after year, playing both ends against the middle.

Barry Goldwater, an outstanding senator, a national leader of the Republican Party, has won his spurs in practical politics in two eminently successful campaigns in his native state. And his fellow senators have a high enough regard for his knowledge of how to win elections to choose him as chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee. When, therefore, he cuts across the shuffling double-talk of contemporary political discourse to speak sharply and clearly for a principled conservative program, he cannot be shunted aside with the noises about "the art of the possible" which the call for a clear conservative program usually evokes from those who put all their faith in the sovereign virtues of slick propaganda and "smart operating."

Forthright and solidly conservative, Senator Goldwater's book, from its foreword on the perennial truth of the conservative position to its last chapter on the Soviet danger, is a pleasure to read, for it is written with a lucidity and power that has long been missing from published statements designed to satisfy everyone and offend no one. At the very start he drives to the heart of the contention that conservatism is an impossible position to hold today because it is irrelevant to contemporary reality: *"Conservatism, we are told, is out of date. The charge is preposterous and we ought boldly to say so. The laws of God, and of nature, have no deadline. The principles on which the conservative political position is based . . . are derived from the nature of man, and from the truths that God has revealed about His creation."*

Nor is he content with stating this idea in general terms. He comes directly to grips with those "conservatives" who continually apologize for their conservatism; who dilute their championship of conservatism with fundamental concessions to the Liberal position; who compromise the conservative doctrine of limited government by accepting the essential premise of the welfare state with such specious phrases as "government with a heart"; or who blur the issue of freedom from the Leviathan state with cloudy affirmations about being "conservative when it comes to economic problems, liberal when it comes to human problems." Senator Goldwater cuts sharply through these confusions: ". . . *the conservative has learned that the economic and spiritual aspects of man's nature are inexorably intertwined. He cannot be economically free, or even economically efficient, if he is enslaved politically; conversely, man's political freedom is illusory if he is dependent for his economic needs upon the State. . . . Throughout history, true conservatism has been at war equally with autocrats and with 'democratic' Jacobins. . . . Today [it] is at odds with dictators who rule by terror and equally with those gentler collectivists who ask our permission to play God with the human race."*

HAVING ESTABLISHED these foundations for his position, Senator Goldwater proceeds to an analysis of the dangers of centralized power, and then, in a series of succinct, hard-hitting chapters, to the development of a program for the extension of freedom at home and for the defense of freedom against Soviet aggression.

Justly and acutely he distinguishes the problem of states' rights from the problem of civil rights, vindicating the classical constitutional doctrine of state sovereignty while simultaneously supporting the enforcement of specifically asserted constitutional rights, such as the right to vote. Where the two problems have been confounded and the issue obfuscated by Liberal demagogy and judicial usurpation—as on federally enforced school integration—he patiently disentangles the confusion and firmly asserts basic principle: *"It may be just or wise or expedient for Negro children to attend the same schools as white children, but they do not have a* civil *right to do so which is protected by the federal constitution or which is enforceable by the federal government."*

On labor, his position is, of course, well known: the return of labor unions to their legitimate function of representing employees in bargaining with their employers over terms of employment; voluntary unionism; restraint of unions from corporate political activity; and the prohibition of industry-wide bargaining.

On the farm problem, he proposes uncompromising adherence to the principles of the free market and calls for "prompt and final termination of the farm-subsidy program."

Summarizing his domestic program, Senator Goldwater hits sharply at the concept of the welfare state, which has in recent years replaced the concept of socialism-through-nationalization as "the currently favored instrument of collectivization." Castigating the idea that there is some innate virtue in the expenditure of resources by government rather than by private individuals, he argues that the direct opposite is the case, that freedom is threatened even by

***SEN. BARRY GOLDWATER:* "... *speaks sharply and clearly for a principled conservative program.*"**

present levels of government expenditure; and he proposes a "staged withdrawal" of the federal government from all areas that lie outside its constitutional mandate. Furthermore, he calls for abandonment of the graduated principle of taxation of incomes, estates and gifts (an aspect of fiscal policy which is directed not towards the raising of revenue, but towards redistribution of wealth, bringing in, as it does, less than $5 billion of the government's $80 billion current intake).

TURNING from domestic to foreign policy, Senator Goldwater begins: *"And still the awful truth remains: We can establish the domestic conditions for maximizing freedom ... and yet become slaves. We can do this by losing the Cold War to the Soviet Union."* And that war, he maintains, we are losing and will continue to lose until we recognize that we cannot have *"a peace in which freedom and justice will prevail ... given the nature of Communism [until] Soviet power will no longer be in a position to threaten us and the rest of the world. A tolerable peace, in other words, must* follow *victory over Communism."* Which does not mean that we should provoke open war, but does mean that we should always be willing to risk war rather than surrender, and that our basic strategy should be devoted to pushing back the Soviet Empire, with the aim of eventually bringing about its disintegration.

To this end he proposes, among other measures: the strengthening of our military stance to achieve decisive military superiority; the restriction of foreign aid to true military allies; a formal declaration that we consider "the world Communist movement an outlaw in the community of civilized nations," and severance of diplomatic relations with all Communist governments, including that of the Soviet Union; encouragement and prudent, well-planned support of revolt by captive peoples against the Soviet Empire; aid to "friendly peoples that have the means and desire ... to undertake offensive operations for the recovery of their homelands"; and the exploitation of enemy weaknesses by "military operations against vulnerable Communist regimes" in such situations as that which occurred in Hungary in 1956.

This is a startling program—both domestically and in foreign affairs—in the present atmosphere of don't-rock-the-boat contentment with aggrandizing bureaucracy at home and complacent faith in coexistence abroad. A startling program indeed—but nothing less would express the dictates of conservative principle in this crisis of the Republic. By stating it with such clarity and force, Senator Goldwater has placed himself in the first rank of American statesmen.

The Web of Nature

GEORGE H. CARTER

IT IS RARE that one picks up a book like Manston Bates' *The Forest and the Sea* (Random House, $3.95) that can be recommended both for its style and for its scientific accuracy and comprehension. It helps, of course, that Professor Bates can write from first-hand experience about a number of things. He has lived for years in the tropical rain-forests of South America and spent time skin-diving on a coral atoll. He has studied mosquitoes; and often just one kind of mosquito. Dr. Bates has drawn on his broad experience to write about the ecological aspects of life on this earth.

Marston Bates is a tropical man. The tropical seas and the tropical forests are described lovingly. They glow with bright-colored animals and multitudes of interesting plants, and provide a flood of examples of ways of life with complex interrelationships. The author's enthusiasm for such things and his anecdotal style carry the reader along. Lessons in ecology go down painlessly, even pleasantly.

That the tropical rain-forest can be thought of as being like the sea, with most of the life up near the surface (at the tree tops) while we (men) are bottom dwellers who seldom see the beautiful life-filled surface layers of this world, makes an interesting theme. This view is reinforced by descriptions of life in the jungle as seen from a tree top observation platform more than one hundred feet above the forest floor. Equally vivid descriptions of the rich life in the seas' upper layer, based on Dr. Bates' experiences while skin-diving around a coral atoll, give the sea-surface view. Between anecdotes, the origin of life from the sea, its emergence on the land, and the problems involved in such developments are woven in almost incidentally, but unforgettably.

Dr. Bates' view of human problems is strictly biological. He has no answer to the ultimate why. The whole of the universe simply exists. The "economy of nature," to use his expression, becomes for him an end in itself. When "What good is it?" is asked about any plant or animal, including man, he says he is appalled at the viewpoint that makes the

question possible. "The question ought to be, not 'What good is it?' but 'What is its role in the economy of nature?'" Why there should be any economy in nature or any nature at all is a point simply passed over. This thinking, revealed early in the book, colors the section on man in the economy of nature, which makes up the final part of his book.

He contrasts Darwin's and Wallace's views of evolution and of man most interestingly. Wallace had a better understanding of the nature of the problems than did Darwin, yet Wallace's thinking led him into "mysticism." Dr. Bates cannot quite settle this question for himself:

> The ethical question is difficult. We have drifted in the modern world into a position of ethical relativism which leaves us with no absolutes of good and bad, right and wrong. . . . Yet one feels that there must be some basis of right conduct . . . Science has undermined the dogmas and revelations; and it [science] provides for many working scientists, a sort of faith, a sort of humanism, that can replace the need for an articulated code of conduct. But our scientists and philosophers have so far failed to explain this in a way that reaches any very large number of people.

The problem of increasing numbers, the parallels of insect socialism and certain human trends worry him. Yet he hesitates to agree that we are destined for the life of the worker ant. "This surely is not our inevitable destiny." But if there is no purpose to this great web of life, other than to keep the whole organization in existence, on what basis can one logically deny a possible end for men as ant-like workers in totalitarian governments of the future?

It is interesting to see a man of great knowledge, sensitivity and compassion struggle with ultimates, but fail to see that the good is determined by goals. If the ultimate goal is survival of the species, or of life, or of the 'coexistence between man and nature,' then individual aspirations, aesthetic and ethical considerations must all bend to that end. How different is the value system of those whose ultimate is God. Marston Bates' book is a very good one, very readable, and in many places very wise in its insight into such foibles in science as the substitution of names for thinking. His sureness of touch within the field of ecological biology, combined with his ability as a writer, make this one of the best books of its kind for the general reader. Perhaps it is too much to expect the ultimate of him.

A Straggler on the Left

M. STANTON EVANS

Among the vanguard intellectuals of the American Left, purely economic theories about human behavior have fallen on hard times. Collectivism has proved itself incompetent as a supplier of material goods, and the Liberals have begun to reverse their metaphysical loyalties. Voices that once described man as a sum of economic forces now scorn our "dripping" capitalist prosperity, and demand that we legislate ourselves into a spiritual renaissance.

But while the Schlesingers and Galbraiths head for the high ground, a few stragglers remain in the field, fighting a rear-guard action for the old determinism. There is, for example, Seymour M. Lipset, whose book, *Political Man* (Doubleday, $4.95), might better have been titled *Economic Man*. It is a work of full-blooded materialism in the old style, seeking to establish a firm cause-and-effect relationship between economic circumstance and political behavior.

Since political and economic matters, as well as religious, philosophical and cultural matters, are all expressions of human aspiration, economic and political behavior obviously are somehow related. But the question is, *How* are they related?—and this is the question that Lipset, armed though he is with tables, correlations and assorted coefficients, does not answer.

He points out that, since the election of 1936 (the first for which we have appropriate figures), "the poorer strata" in America have tended to vote for the welfarism of the Democrats, while the well-to-do have chosen the more free-enterprising Republicans. Therefore, he says, ours is a "class" politics.

But what if "the poorer strata" had not been taught, by an insistent program of Liberal enlightenment, that society owes them a living? What, indeed, of those who have maintained deep convictions about self-reliance, derived from religious or other sources?

Lipset concedes that "other characteristics and group affiliations such as religious belief are more salient in particular situations than high or low social and economic positions." But, he says, men are subjected to "deviant" religious impulses because of the intricacies of our class structure, and thus come up with views which cannot be accounted for, at first glance, in terms of economics.

I am not sure that this explanation really explains anything. But even assuming that it does, it does not resolve the main issue: which is responsible for the politics of a given "deviant"—the class structure, or the religion?

Similarly, with regard to the political characteristics of nations, Lipset observes:

> . . . to the extent that the political subsystem of the society operates autonomously, a political form may persist under conditions normally adverse to the *emergence* of that form. Or a political form may develop because of a syndrome of unique historical factors even though the society's major characteristics favor another form . . .
>
> Key historical events may account for *either* the persistence *or* the failure of democracy in any particular society by starting a process which increases (or decreases) the likelihood that at the next critical point in the country's history democracy will win out again. [Lipset's italics.]

In short, a nation's political system is related—somehow—to all the various important events through which it has passed, and to all the major attitudes its people have adopted on a variety of subjects. It is, in a word, the product of everything that went into making it up!

Lipset's thesis is further confused by the fact that he seldom defines with any clarity just what it is he is talking about. "Liberal," the key word in his political vocabulary, apparently means the aggregate views of people like Lipset. Do these "Liberals" be-

Spring Book Number

The May 7 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will be a special book number, including reviews by:

Eugene Lyons of *To Moscow—and Beyond,* by Harrison S. Salisbury

Andrew Lytle of *Love and Death in the American Novel,* by Leslie Fiedler

Medford Evans of *The Politics of Samuel Johnson,* by D. J. Greene

Sir Shane Leslie of *F. E.,* Lord Birkenhead's biography of his father

Gerhart Niemeyer of *The Owl of Minerva,* by Gustav Regler, and *The Achilles Heel,* by Manès Sperber

L. Brent Bozell of the spate of biographies of Presidential candidates

lieve in freedom? If so, why do they show no interest in the economic bondage of many American workers and farmers, even though they can become vehement about William Z. Foster's "freedom of speech"? On what principle do they decide that economic freedom is bad, while political freedom is sacred?

The failure in definition leads Lipset into repeated confusion. For reasons he can never quite fathom, his hoard of data frequently does not yield the expected results. Although he is commendably honest in facing up to facts which contradict his Liberal beliefs, he never seems to wonder if these beliefs might, at some fundamental level, be horribly in error.

He is, for example, particularly bedeviled by the attitudes of "democracy's" favorites, "the poorer strata." Liberals tend to see themselves and their political allies as the party of compassion and disinterested feeling, with the conservatives performing as agents of authoritarianism and greed. Lipset is therefore distressed to find that "the poorer strata," although invariably Liberal on economic issues (*i.e.*, when called upon to vote themselves benefits), are pretty non-Liberal otherwise. When it comes time to let the other fellow have his say, the "well-to-do" conservatives are more open-minded, "the poorer are more intolerant."

This is presented as if to suggest a perplexing inconsistency in "the poorer strata"—but what it really suggests is the inconsistency of Liberalism. If the state is an instrument of coercion that may be used to satisfy my desire for greater economic substance, why should the same state not also silence unfriendly opinions, which might somehow thwart that desire?

For the sophisticate, earnestly telling the world that the old constraints are meaningless, the matter is largely one of airy speculation. For "the poorer strata," it is a down-to-earth business of gaining tangible ends. The Liberal is amazed that his teachings lead to coercion all around, and even to overt violence. But his faithful students, once set in motion, are not easily stopped by homilies on tolerance. When Ivan preaches murder, Smerdyakov strikes home.

Time Editor . . . Political Innocent

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

T. S.—or Tom—Matthews was managing editor of *Time* Magazine at a time when the Luce organization was shaken by some tremendous ideological battles. The struggles went on, interminably, for control of such departments of *Time* as foreign news and international affairs. Though Matthews himself was an above-the-battle character, and full of a somewhat insulating rectitude (some of his writers called him the Headmaster), he should at least have had inklings of what was going on all around him. Accordingly, as a Time, Inc., veteran (I spent fourteen years there to Matthews' twenty-four), I approached his *Name and Address: An Autobiography* (Simon and Schuster, $4.50) with an eager curiosity about what the wars must have looked like to the man who had to control the explosives.

I was also very curious to know more about Tom Matthews himself. As a *Fortune* and *Life* man. I had never worked with him or under him —though I once filled in as a book reviewer for him on *Time* in the middle nineteen thirties when he took a leave of absence. I was certainly more aware of him than he was of me, for some of his close associates—Calvin Fixx, Robert Cantwell, Whittaker Chambers—were my particular friends, and they often talked about him in my presence. Knowing him through the eyes of those who have claimed his friendship, I expected to discover—well, just what? Certainly Matthews would be the one to tell about the genesis of some of the good literary things that appeared in *Time* when Whit Chambers was writing about Arnold Toynbee, the singing of Marian Anderson, and the imaginary visit of the ghost of Czar Nicholas to the Yalta rooftops when Stalin was about to seduce Roosevelt into recognizing all the old Romanoff aspirations to Russian expansion.

Well, what have we to find in *Name and Address?* Reading the first part of the book and a couple of chapters on love and alcohol that are tucked in as a sort of appendix, one is in the presence of astonishingly sensitive confession. When Tom Matthews is tracing his long and often uncomfortable relations with his father (the Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey), his mother (a Procter heiress who felt apologetic about living on Procter and Gamble soap money), and his friends and acquaintances at four upper-class schools and two universities (Princeton and Oxford), he is one of the most honest and inquisitive self-analyzers that has ever put pen to paper. But the second half of the book, which has mainly to do with Matthews' experience with the *New Republic* and *Time,* is a self-portrait of a man moving like a zombie through an environment which offers him nothing but bafflement.

Matthews obviously never liked *Time,* nor did he care for the *New Republic* after the death of its founder and first editor, Herbert Croly. He was personally both anti-journalist and almost wholly a-political, which is a strange and wondrous combination for one who rose to become national editor and, later, managing editor of *Time.* (He was apparently promoted to such jobs because of

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his sheer literary ability to turn indifferent copy into something readable.) The lack of interest in both news and politics might explain some of the queer statements which he has to make about the "hard-shell" opinions of that "grizzled tycoon," Henry Luce. But they don't explain Tom Matthews' almost complete lack of curiosity about the human beings with whom he spent a quarter-century of his working life.

Let us begin with Henry Luce himself. Matthews broke with Luce because he felt that *Time* had betrayed journalism in 1952 by its belittling attitude toward Adlai Stevenson. Yet he himself gives the impression that his own feeling for Stevenson is based on nothing more solid than their possession of a common alma mater, Princeton University. He can't point to any place where Luce was wrong about Stevenson—or, for that matter, to what was particularly "hard-shelled" about Luce's preference for the soft-shelled Eisenhower. The impression that I carry away from Matthews' description of his departure from *Time* is that he needed some excuse to depart—and the Stevenson issue happened to be handy.

As for my own experience of Harry Luce, I always felt that he was a great editor with two failings. First, he was sometimes all too willing to placate his enemies; secondly, he was afraid of his own opinions when they threatened to take him more than a safe distance from what was journalistically apt at the moment. (Both of these failings are understandable in a man who is responsible to stockholders of a great magazine property whose dollars-and-cents value is based on public opinion.) Matthews inferentially accuses Luce of a foolish loyalty to Chiang Kai-shek. But I would accuse him of placating Chiang's enemies at certain junctures where public opinion seemed to demand giving these enemies their way. Foolish or not, Luce's loyalty to Chiang didn't keep *Time* from zigzagging on China policy, which brings us to the subject of Matthews' friend Whit Chambers.

There was one point in Chambers' career at *Time* when he stalked out of the office because he found the "line" on China had been shifted overnight without consulting him. (He didn't return from his Maryland farm to *Time* for several weeks.) I hoped that Tom Matthews would

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The Tacoma, Washington attorney pulls no punches. "Being an American is still a wonderful thing and something of which to be proud," he told the author. "I don't believe in the Russian philosophy of something to *die* for — Americans want something to *live* for."

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have some light to shed on such instances as this. But strangely enough, Whit Chambers isn't even mentioned in the book. The whole tremendous drama of the Hiss-Chambers case apparently was water-on-the-duck's-back to Matthews. And the connivings of Left-oriented writers on *Time* to get Chambers out of there swirled around Managing Editor Matthews' head without his being aware of the commotion.

Luce told Matthews on one occasion that he was a political innocent, and Luce was right. The innocent Matthews argues that the mere act of turning out copy for *Time* pushed Robert Cantwell to the point of breakdown. He is oblivious to Cantwell's painful political dilemma of the late thirties. Visiting Lincoln Steffens in California, Cantwell had started writing a novel about the San Francisco waterfront strike. In the middle of it he suddenly reached the decision that the Leftist protagonists, followers of Harry Bridges, whom he had cast as heroes were, in reality, a bunch of dupes and villains. Cantwell never finished the novel; the effort of changing his old pluses to minuses was too much for him. But Matthews, who had brought Cantwell to *Time* on a permanent basis and who lunched every week with Cantwell's good friend Calvin Fixx, was either too incurious or too innocent to plumb the spiritual source of his protégé's emotional troubles.

The strange lacunae in the second half of Matthews' book should not blind one to the etched perfection of the sections that deal with the perplexities and the harassments of a sheltered youth's adolescence. One suspects that Tom Matthews has some good analytical novels in him. But let him steer away from writing a novel about Time, Inc. He lived in that particular world without knowing the half of it.

Movies

Pasteurized Can-Can

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Mr. Khrushchev's strictures on the *Can-Can* production are too well known to need repeating, but "vulgar" is still the right summing-up. If he had stayed around a little longer he would have found the dullness even worse than the vulgarity. He might even have helped out a little, in the spirit of Camp David. For if he could have been persuaded to give his elephantine gold-toothed interpretation of the can-can in Technicolor it would have livened up the present production by several hundred per cent.

It needs a mathematician to determine the exact degree of badness of *Can-Can*. To take a second-rate Cole Porter musical and reduce it to a third-rate picture results in a compound fraction of ennui. This must be multiplied by the *double-entendre* cliché of French venery and added to the tourist stereotype of gay Paree to complete the Todd-ao wide-screen equation.

Whatever plot there is revolves around the eighteen-ninetyish Montmartre café, Bal du Paradis, and the efforts of its proprietress Simone Pistache (Shirley MacLaine) to put on the illegal can-can, each time interrupted with coy éclat by the police.

The plot sickens in the triangular affair of Simone with the young judge (Louis Jourdain, who looks as if he could have done better) and the boulevardier-lawyer François (Frank Sinatra, who looks as if he might do worse).

Shirley MacLaine with her wide-mouthed gaminish face and her voice like a corn-crake's is at the least a surprisingly competent dancer. The ancient Maurice Chevalier and the aging Frank Sinatra as men-about-

town are a depressing combo. There is something pathetic about Chevalier, the dentured *revenant*, trying to recapture the insouciance of so long ago. Frank Sinatra, trans-Atlantic rip, manages the phonetic feat of pronouncing Montmartre in two syllables and omitting the "n," but shortly after that the old Jersey "t'roo" comes through, as if, amidst Frankie's newly staked-out urbanity, Lucky's cigarette case still glittered in his pocket.

Can-Can is one of those films one could easily review without bothering to see. The predictable ingredients are all there—the pleasantly faked Paris street scenes, the color and the off-color, the leg acreage, the suburbanity of the Cole Porter tunes amplified to a stereophonic shudder, the fixed quantity of "oo-la-las." In the matter of vulgarity (for Mr. Khrushchev's information) it is difficult to determine whether the apex has been reached in the tedious Adam and Eve ballet, the high society interlude, or Jersey Frank ogling and Portering a bevy of dames at the photographer's.

At least there is the can-can, and quite a lusty jolly can-can it is too, though nothing to measure up to Massine's charming parody in the *Gaîtés Parisiennes*. It is curious, when one thinks of it, how in half a century that dance has altered its status from a spectacle of leering wickedness enjoyed by walrus-moustached old rounders to something one takes the children to for a matinee. The scandal of the *Police Gazette* has become no more than a familiar joke. As such, the old chestnut is worth recracking. But the nostalgic spectacle of the can-can finale in the film, I felt, scarcely compensated for what I had to endure to see it—Frankie's Jerseyisms and the pathetic residue of Chevalier, the nasalities of the dialogue, the ennui of the plot, one immense intermission, the couple next to me puffed up like mating pigeons as they cooed and ate popcorn, and lastly the wad of gum I stepped on in the aisle.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LITERATURE AND WESTERN MAN, by J. B. Priestley (Harper, $6.95). The pretentious title and scope of this "history of literature since the Renaissance" are belied by its style. Priestley simply wants to deliver himself of several opinions on several authors. All the rest is filling. After all, chatty essays are not chosen by the Book of the Month Club. The opinions Priestley has to offer, once unearthed, are limited but reasonable. He is intensely convinced that as the cosmos disintegrates in man's mind, literature must suffer. Unfortunately, he has no vision of order to oppose to this chaos, and he cannot add to our understanding of authors who write out of an ordered inner world. This makes his opening sections—on Shakespeare, Cervantes, Rabelais—worthless, and leads him to omit serious treatment of men who lacked the faults he can recognize—men like Pope, Johnson, Newman.

G. WILLS

THE DISINHERITED, by Michel del Castillo (Knopf, $3.95). A novelist need not live through the events he describes—but he must understand them. Michel del Castillo was three years old when the Spanish Civil War broke out; in *The Disinherited*, he is writing of what he learned from others. He boasts in his introduction that he is neither a "renegade" from Communism nor an anti-Communist. He couples his atheism with "an agonizing need for that God to whom I bear witness so badly." In short, he is in that state of existentialist confusion during which, as Sartre said, "things begin to grow in your hand." As a result, Castillo's novel should have been called *The Disoriented*, with himself as the protagonist. Had Castillo limited himself to an account of persons caught up in the terrible carnage of the Spanish Civil War—and had he carried his book to its structural conclusion, rather than ending it abruptly at its midpoint—he might have created a novel of some consequence. But he has ignored his characters and their inner struggles in favor of collegiate discourses on God and the Communist Party. He equates the Communist movement and Christianity—and finds the Revolution and the Revelation betrayed by men. It does not occur to him that a fallible humanity may have compromised Christianity, but that Lucifer's Legions—fighting on whatever side of whatever conflict—never betray their leader. In time, I am sure, Castillo will learn the facts of the Spanish Civil War, the nature of the human condition, and the peace-within-agony of God's presence. Perhaps, then, he will write an important novel.

R. de TOLEDANO

SOLDIERS AND GOVERNMENTS, edited by Michael Howard (Indiana, $3.75). The State cannot exist without armed forces. Yet the problem is not just to ensure adequate protection against enemies, foreign and domestic. How do you prevent the soldier from dominating the nation he is sworn to protect? History is full of the never-ending struggle between the military and civil power, and the problem is more rather than less important today. This book contains nine studies (dealing with some 27 countries) in civil-military relations, based on a lecture series given at the University of London. George Fielding Eliot provides a preface to the American edition; he points out that the problem is, for us, a recent one. Generally speaking, until after World War II, our military had virtually no social (and often very little military) power. That is all changed now. The soldiers are with us to stay. And they are becoming increasingly aware of just how much power they have. Since power rarely goes unused, it is of vital importance what political ideas influence the military. Although this book is certainly not a study in depth, it is an excellent introduction to its subject.

J. P. MC FADDEN

THE MIND OF AN ASSASSIN, by Isaac Don Levine (Farrar, $4.50). This reconstruction and analysis of the murder of Leon Trotsky reads like a whodunit. But it has the great additional virtue of exhibiting in stark relief the character of totalitarian man in all its terror. Isaac Don Levine has written an absorbing and valuable study.

F. S. MEYER

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To the Editor

Mr. Toledano's Reasons Why

. . . I am overwhelmed by [Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s] praise of my book *Lament for a Generation* [April 9] even as I am downcast by his criticism.

A writer who is discussed with the seriousness which Mr. Buckley accords me should let well enough alone. But precisely because he has met my book on its own terms—a rare experience—I feel constrained to answer certain of the points he so eloquently makes.

1. I feel no bitterness toward Senator McCarthy. He was my friend, and I held my tongue—and my pen—for years. I expressed my doubts and fears directly to Joe McCarthy, and he took no umbrage. In a book as personal as mine, however, I felt called upon to explain that Joe McCarthy was not up to his destiny, and that he was compromised badly, and badly served, by some of his lieutenants. Perhaps I might have evaded this explanation had I not seen the gradual canonization of McCarthy among American conservatives. Certainly, Mr. Buckley should not reject the services of a Devil's Advocate.

2. Vice President Nixon is not the end of the road in my political evolution. I agree with him more often than not. He is a man operating in the arena of practical politics, and until someone offers to place a halo over his head he must be discussed in those terms. Among conservatives, Mr. Nixon is the *homme moyen sensuel*, and the only one on the political horizon who can brake our careening course toward the Coercive State.

3. I did not dismiss Russell Kirk, I merely disagreed with him. I admire and respect James Burnham—and I deeply regret that he is not today sitting at the right hand of our Secretary of State. I think it is a little unfair of Mr. Buckley to say that I question Frank Meyer's "aristocratic conservatism" because, to quote Mr. B., "it inconveniences Mr. Nixon." The aristocratic spirit, and its concomitant sense of *noblesse oblige* are part of my heredity. My criticism is far less trivial.

4. I am somewhat startled at Mr. Buckley's suggestion that my chapter on "The Conservative Dilemma" might better have been stuffed in a sealed envelope. Much of it appeared, under the same title, in NATIONAL REVIEW.

All of this may be ungracious on my part. Despite his disagreements, Mr. Buckley has written most generously of *Lament for a Generation*. Perhaps I should have limited this letter to an assurance that I will not take the poetic veil—and to let him know that, however exclusionist I may be, there will always be room at my side for him—and, I pray, at his side for me.

Washington, D. C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Who's Lamenting What (Whom)?

I wonder if Ralph de Toledano's *Lament for a Generation* [reviewed in NR April 9] might not better be entitled "Lament for Ralph de Toledano." . . .

Nixonism—the twilight zone between Taft Republicanism and Modern Republicanism—is on the rise, and Mr. Toledano is busily hitching his repainted wagon to the Nixon star.

Mr. Nixon favors repeal of the Connally amendment; so does Mr. Toledano. Mr. Nixon does not *yet* favor recognition of Red China, but if he should change his mind, I can visualize Mr. Toledano penning an impassioned plea to "be kind to Mao Tse-tung."

Ralph de Toledano has become the Pied Piper of Nixonville, playing one tune after another to lure conservatives into the Modern Republican camp. But I, for one, refuse to budge. I'll sit this election out, if need be, rather than vote for the "new" Richard Nixon.

Flushing, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

Nixon and the Beatniks

Every day in California seems to be a circus. I enjoyed Morrie Ryskind's pastiche of the zealous and the zany in the Golden State [April 9]. Perhaps Mr. Ryskind's format is the best method for exposing (for our understanding) the postures and imposters of a state with much more than its share of aberrations. What

with Nixon, Pat Brown, Caryl Chessman, Earl Warren, Dalton Trumbo, Mayor George Christopher and the North Beach beatniks—that kind of rogue's gallery gives scant comfort. The day may come when the young men we advise to go West will have to be the Marines. Mr. Ryskind's article serves me as a valuable piece of properly pungent sociology. I will study it. Meanwhile, there's *my* state . . .

Orlando, Fla. SAM JEFFERS

There's Goldwater in Them Thar Hills

. . . It now appears more certain, and equally incredible, that Mr. Nixon has decided to work both sides of the street. He seems to believe that he can chip votes from that monolithic amalgam which regularly casts its vote for the welfare-state choice. This was the downfall of Mr. Dewey and Mr. Willkie. It would have been the downfall of Mr. Eisenhower if conservatives could have seen the confused and expensive innocence behind the platitudes so bravely spoken.

Mr. Barry Goldwater has demontrated, as did Mr. Taft, that a determined conservative can be elected by no more bewildering maneuver than determined conservatism. He may be that candidate for whom conservatives have been so long yearning: a man who believes in conservatism, knows the language of conservatism, and is unafraid to say so. Should Mr. Goldwater succeed in getting the nomination, the resulting outpouring of voters in his behalf would not only secure him the election. It would also bring to the attention of sophisters, calculators and metaphysicians a matter which they have ignored, de-emphasized or scorned: this is a conservative nation; its greatest days were those when the conservative Constitution was respected by a conservative judiciary; when Americans believed that they were free citizens of a constitutional Republic; when respect was honored above the love of other nations; and when the government, believing that respect is only offered to those who are themselves respectable, understood that love purchased is prostitution achieved. More power to Mr. Goldwater, and let him not be afraid to maintain his honorable convictions.

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.

The Omnipresent Irish

In your issue of February 27 Mr. Francis Russell attempts to review a book entitled *The Kennedy Family.* The article contains precious little review and a large amount of what I assume we are to consider Mr. Russell's notion of "historical background."

Unfortunately, Mr. Russell's back-

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WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if an industry said "NO!" to Labor's demands? The answer—provocative and amusing—is found in a new fable by Peter Crumpet (of Willmoore Wheeler fame). The popular article "The Revolt of Enoch Peters" is again available in reprint form. Special price for this second printing (while they last): 10¢ a copy, 100 for $5.00. Address Dept. R, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35 St., New York 16.

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ground contains the same type of impressionistic detail, complete with the fluorescent paint, that he finds so distasteful in Mr. Dinneen's work. . . .

To state that there were no "Irish" in New England prior to the mid-nineteenth century is to accept the statements of certain self-appointed "historians" of the late Victorian era (*e.g.*, Palfrey and Lodge) and to ignore fact.

For example, how does one account for the fact that at the time of King Phillip's War (1675-76) Ireland, alone among all the countries of Europe sent relief to the Colonists (the "Irish Donation" is how it is recorded in our annals) unless there were strong ties between the Bay Colony and Ireland almost two centuries before the famine? Mr. Russell would do well to read *Pioneer Irish in New England*, by M. J. O'Brien (Kenedy, 1937) as a preface to any further remarks on the subject. The book is primarily a listing of Irish names taken from the record books of various towns of New England and covers only the period prior to 1700, but it serves to illustrate the point.

However, when we substitute the word "Catholic" for "Irish" in Mr. Russell's article his statements come quite close to the truth. For, like it or not, [Puritan] Massachusetts was the closest thing to a theocracy this country has witnessed and it was not until 1821 that an amendment to the state constitution finally abolished a religious test as a qualification for holding office. . . .

In such a situation, the Catholics took the one road open to put an end to such indignities. That road was politics and the resulting battle is history. Suffice it to say that the men who fought it had to possess the same characteristics as their opponents for it was a bitter, no-holds-barred contest. All of which serves as a sketchy preface to the post World War II era of which Mr. Kennedy is part. . . .

Wellesley, Mass. JOSEPH T. MURPHY

"A Fine Job"

Compliments on the April 9 issue, particularly on your piece titled "Olé" and Brent Bozell's "The Dangers of Concessionship." . . . It is a fine job.

If I had half of "Rocky's" bucks, it would be fun to endow NATIONAL REVIEW.

Evanston, Ill. J. V. LACROIX

PROFESSOR GALBRAITH
(Continued from p. 264)

Rights . . . led to the discovery of anesthesia in medicine . . . produced Leonardo's paintings, Lincoln's Second Inaugural, or the opinions of Justice Holmes."

After all, doctors, lawyers, architects and even artists have for a long time undergone very expensive courses to make them "improved" producers in their fields. But they have most of them received a regular education, too, which has been recognized as a different and more fundamental work of the home and school and university. Consider how even an Einstein or an Oppenheimer struggles to enter a field broader and deeper than his own quite terrifyingly productive science.

Education is too sensitive a field for impatient partisanship. "Investment" education, so narrowly and pragmatically projected, would lead the country to think about its human and social purposes quite insanely: as if they were limited entirely to material, industrial things. We would sacrifice the inadequate vision we retain still more ruthlessly to provide a grosser harvest of ready-made hands and brains for production.

The barriers between the different specialized technicians would rise still higher. Communications would break down more catastrophically between men educated in the historic and Christian and humane philosophies and those whose talents have been improved deliberately for production alone. Floating over this entire concept of education as investment hovers the hollow outline of the social engineer, with his abstract blueprint of an unreal machine for living, assigning human beings to slots in the machine, and tooling them to fit—only the machine.

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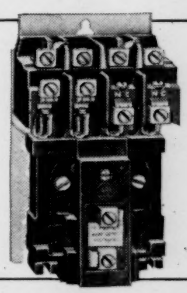

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